see page 749 C. F. W

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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July
1929
Junius F. Wells

THE GLORY OF GOD IS INTELLIGENCE

VOL. 32 JULY, 1929 No. 9

Recent Developments in Applied Science
DR. THOMAS B. BRIGHTON

Seven Minutes in Eternity
WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Utah Athletes
PROF. H. R. MERRILL

FROM THE LAND OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS
C. M. BERGE

MAN IN THE WORLD OF UNSEEN THINGS
DR. THOMAS L. MARTIN

OUR LIBERTIES IN DANGER
PROF. N. L. NELSON

STORY—WHEN STRENGTH RETURNED
CHRISTIE LUND

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IMPROVEMENT ERA

JULY, 1929

PRES. HEBER J. GRANT — *Editor*
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Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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EDITOR'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

"My Seven Minutes in Eternity," by William Dudley Pelley, is concluded in this number. This story has been a sensation. William A. Morton, well known as a writer and speaker throughout the Church, has the following to say: "I cannot find words to express my appreciation of this article. It alone is worth many times the price of subscription for the *Era.*" Any of our readers who have overlooked the first part of this amazing story should by no means fail to look it up and peruse it carefully.

Our leading article, "Recent Events in Applied Chemistry," by Dr. Thomas B. Brighton, is a clear exposition of what science is doing for us in some of the common things of life. One is impressed with the marvelous contribution being made for the comfort of mankind by men of science. This will remind us, too, of the debt of gratitude we owe them.

"The Call of Youth," a poem by Clara Horne Park, is deserving of thoughtful reading. While it applies particularly to those whose habits are in process of formation, it may be read with profit by men and women of mature years.

"Man in the World of Unseen Things," is a contribution to this number from the pen of Dr. Thomas L. Martin, of the Brigham Young University. It not only imparts some very valuable information, but it breathes throughout a spirit of faith in the Creator who has so amply provided for the needs of his children.

Carter E. Grant, a frequent contributor to our columns, is with us again in this issue. His story, under the title "In the Death Grip of a Grizzly," describes the difficulties which were met and overcome by the intrepid men who first blazed the trails into the western wilderness. This is the forerunner of other articles along similar lines by the same author.

Recent track meets held in Utah, with various western universities competing, have demonstrated that our athletes are rapidly coming to the front. A graphic account of these activities is found in the article of Harrison R. Merrill. That two of Utah's schools could beat the best offered by schools of adjoining states is a source of satisfaction to all who believe that we, in this inter-mountain country, are developing manhood which can compete successfully, either mentally or physically, with the best that can be found.

"Our Liberties in Danger," is the title of a timely article from the pen of Prof. N. L. Nelson, known to all our readers as a writer of unusual ability.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe, now presiding over the European mission, sends us a brief review of a book issued recently by one of the presidents laboring under his direction. Pres. John P. Lillywhite, in charge of the Netherlands mission has published a little volume, *Smile Posts of Satisfaction,* which is deserving of much praise.

An interesting sketch of a young Japanese member of the Church who is working his way through the B. Y. U. is found in this number, under the title "From the Land of Cherry Blossoms."

"Oscar A. Kirkham Honored," gives a brief description of the steps now being taken to have the American group properly directed at the great Jamboree which is to be held in England beginning the latter part of July. By honoring "Oscar" the committee in charge has materially increased its own efficiency. For such a place, this man, who is a direct product of "Mormonism," has no peers.

Stars and Stripes

What do you see when the flag goes by,
That your hat comes off and your head goes high?
What are your thoughts as you see it wave,
As though by the breath of the boys who gave
Their all in all that it still might be
The world's high trust in Liberty?

In Argonne's shade, where the whining steel
Left a path of dead for the giant's heel,
A khaki lad felt the sting of lead,
And groaned in the dust while his clothes turned red.

An eternity passed that afternoon,
And the lad grew wise and old too soon.
Humanity trooped through his fevered brain,
Pleading relief from the Tyrant's reign.

Man's unjust acts to his fellow-man,
Down through the age since the earth began,
All were his in that cosmic hour,
Till his anguished soul cried out for power
To cleanse the earth from its sin and strife,
And replace therefor the abundant life
Of Peace and Love and Loyalty,
Where those who serve are royalty.

As dusk creeps o'er the dead-strewn field,
A rescue corps, by the dark concealed,
Placed a friendly hand on the fevered brow,
And were pledged that night to a sacred vow.

"Take this little flag," the sufferer said,
"Bullet pierced, with blood soaked red,
And dye each alternate stripe to be,
That each new flag becomes part of me.
Leave some stripes clean and pure and white,
Unspotted still for our nation's light.
In the corner there fling a field of blue,
With God's own stars still shining through.
Then build a pole of the nation's strength,
* Run my flag to the top * * full length *
Before OLD GLORY * * let my people bow,
* * *
Yes, * * Yes, Dear God, I am ready now *."

What do you see when the flag goes by,
That your hat comes off and your head goes high?
What are your thoughts when you see it wave,
As though by a breath from an Argonne grave?

Sigurd, Utah

Irvin L. Warnock

MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, IN 1870

IMPROVEMENT ERA

VOL. XXXII JULY, 1929 No. 9

Recent Developments in Applied Chemistry

M. I. A. RADIO K. S. L. ADDRESS BY DR. THOMAS B. BRIGHTON

THERE is probably no other of the sciences which touches our lives as we live them today in as many ways as does chemistry. It will be my pleasure to point out to you some of the comparatively recent advances, in which the chemist has done his part, which makes our lives longer and more pleasant.

Perhaps logically we should start with the chemist's part in improving our food supply. The biochemist, with the discovery of the several vitamines, has brought strongly to our attention the need of certain varieties of food, especially of green, leafy vegetables and fruits. He has shown also the need of a variety of proteins. The industrial chemist, working with the engineer by improving means of refrigeration, makes possible the supplying and keeping of vegetables, fruits and meats at all seasons. Now not only are ice and ammonia being used in refrigeration, but sulphur dioxide is used in electric refrigeration in the home, and solid carbon dioxide, or dry ice, is being used to keep cool foods in transit. Some railroad cars are now kept cool by special ammonia absorption plants instead of by ice.

The improvements and economies in flour milling and blending, in bread and cracker manufacture, in the making of butter substitutes, in the keeping up of quality of our foods generally, can be attributed largely to the work of the chemist.

THE WORLD THREATENED WITH STARVATION

IN order to grow plants for food, food for plants must be present in the soils. As the soil is cropped from year to year, it becomes exhausted of its plant foods, and we say it must be fertilized. This fertilizing was done originally by the use of barnyard manure and other animal wastes, but since the supply of these materials was very limited, not over twenty years ago prominent students were predicting that within a generation or so the people of the world would begin to starve because of soil exhaustion. One of the essential plant foods, and the one which caused most worry, is nitro-

gen; and it seemed impossible to supply enough to the soil in a form which plants could use. The atmosphere is more than 75 per cent nitrogen, but the plants cannot use free gaseous nitrogen but require it combined with other elements. The chief, almost only, supply of fixed nitrogen known was in the deserts of Chile, where large tonnages of sodium nitrate had accumulated due to the action of the dry air and bacteria on the refuse and remains accumulated from sea birds. The supply was being used at such a rate that the end was really in sight when chemists worked out methods of combining nitrogen of the air with oxygen or hydrogen to produce compounds which plants as well as the industries can use. The most interesting and important of these methods of fixing nitrogen is that of Haber. In this process, nitrogen of the air is combined under very high pressures and in the presence of a catalyst with hydrogen from water, to form ammonia. This ammonia can be used to make fertilizers or it can be oxidized to nitric acid. The nitric acid so produced is used in the manufacture of dyes, explosives, lacquers, celluloid and other products. It is worth noting that last year over 50% of the fixed nitrogen used came from the air. In Europe the industry is very well established while in our own country several large plants are functioning very successfully.

I used the word catalyst a moment ago, so perhaps should explain that a catalyst is a substance which increases the rate at which a reaction occurs. Thus in the sulphuric acid industry we speak of the "contact process." Here sulphur dioxide and oxygen, in the presence of platinum as a catalyst, combine to form sulphur trioxide, which with water gives sulphuric acid. Another interesting catalyst is finely divided metallic nickel used in the hydrogenation of oils. If through a heated vegetable oil, cottonseed oil, for example, hydrogen be passed in the presence of very finely divided nickel, the gas is absorbed and a product which is a solid fat is produced. Thus we get the food products, among which we know Crisco and Snowdrift. Without the presence of the platinum or nickel catalyst, no appreciable reaction occurs.

While we are talking foods, we might take note of the improved glasses now on the market. The best known of these is "pyrex," developed first for use in the chemical laboratory but now used for cooking utensils. This glass has so low a coefficient of expansion that it will stand sudden changes of temperature without breaking. It also is much more resistant to shock than ordinary glass and does not break easily when dropped.

How We Are Gaining Sunlight

STUDENTS of nutrition and of disease have for some time realized the value of sunlight, yet they found that the short light

waves, the so-called ultra-violet, could not pass through window glass. These wave lengths are of extreme value to life, especially to the growing child. So there has come the development of varieties of glass which will allow the passage of the ultra-violet light. Already some hospitals and sanitariums have their sunrooms built with windows of this glass which allows these most valuable and health-giving light waves to pass through. We might note, too, the development of special electric lamps which imitate the sun in their light. These are possible only because of the light studies of the physicist and physical chemist.

In our own city a considerable portion of the ultra-violet light from the sun does not reach us because of absorption by the smoke in our winter atmosphere. In this field, too, the chemist has made great progress. By study of combustion he has shown how to burn coal in the larger plants without producing smoke. More important, he has made much progress in coal treatment to produce a product which burns without smoke. In making this low-temperature coke, a large amount of gas as well as quantities of oils and tars are produced. These oils are valuable as motor fuels while from the tars come solvents and the base materials for making dyes and medicinals. Other products are pitch and creosotes for disinfectants and wood preservatives, etc.

Chemistry Solves Big Industrial Problems

THE mention of motor fuel from coal should remind us of the improvements made in gasoline as well as economies in its production. Much of the crude petroleum, as it comes from the wells, contains perhaps 20 per cent of light hydrocarbons which might be classed as gasoline. Yet, by process of cracking, it is not unusual to produce upwards of 70 per cent of gasoline from the crude oil. The less valuable oils are broken down into lighter ones which we commonly consider as gasoline. This makes for a much more efficient utilization of this great natural resource.

As our wells go dry, we still can look to our supplies of oil shale as well as to coal and alcohol for our motor fuels of the future.

In order to obtain high efficiency from a gasoline engine, high compression of the gasoline-air mixture is necessary. Under this compression, at the temperatures involved, most gasolines ignite and so-called "knocking" occurs. After years of research and study of literally thousands of compounds, lead tetraethyl has been found very efficient in preventing this pre-ignition knock. This product which we commonly hear referred to simply as the ethyl of ethyl gasoline makes possible better efficiency and greater power in the newer, high-compression motors.

During the world war certain so-called "dopes" were developed for coating the fabric on the wings of aeroplanes. These had to be water-proof as well as able to stand the extremes of heat and cold. From these products have been developed a large number of our newer lacquers and varnishes. We know the Duco type of enamel and how much longer it withstands the weather than the old paint and varnish. Since these new cellulose products are dissolved in volatile solvents, it is possible to finish the painting of an automobile in fewer hours than the number of days formerly required when ordinary paints and varnishes were used. The basis of these new lacquers is cellulose, the chief constituent of cotton fiber and of wood. Cleaned cotton or purified wood pulp is properly treated to produce gun cotton, smokeless powder, celluloid, pyroxylin or artificial ivory, artificial leather, noninflammable moving picture films, paints and lacquers and also rayon.

Rayon was at one time referred to as artificial silk but chemically it is the same as cotton. Cotton or cleaned wood pulp is treated with the proper reagents to produce a jelly-like mass. This jelly is pressed through tiny holes into solutions which cause it to set. Each little stream of jelly produces a thread of rayon. These threads after curing and washing can be dyed, spun and woven into cloth of great beauty. Last year over 250 million pounds of rayon were produced, about one-third of which was used for the manufacture of stockings. A pound of rayon will make thirty to forty pair of stockings and costs from $2.00 to $4.00 according to variety and quality. The demand and production are steadily increasing and the quality is being steadily improved. So we may look for more and better silky fabrics.

Our attention should be drawn to the improvement made in dyes. At one time the United States was almost entirely dependent on Germany for its dye supply. During the world war this supply was cut off so that we were stimulated to make our own. Now we are independent of the rest of the world, though some varieties are still imported, and besides the old standard colors many new ones have been produced, as is evidenced by the dyed fabrics now being used. Not even the rainbow or the sunset can rival the artificial colors in richness and variety.

While the dye chemist has been improving the number and quality of his products, the rubber chemist has been busy. By research and experiment he has learned how to make tires and tubes and rubber goods which wear several times as long as similar articles did a few years ago. The ordinary rubbers you wear during the winter will probably last two seasons, whereas, ten years or less ago. two pair were required for one season. This has come through

improved methods of curing the rubber latex, of vulcanizing and of applying the rubber. Much progress has been made in preventing the deterioration of rubber with age by the addition of so-called anti-oxidants.

The Chemist's Contribution to Medicine

BEFORE finishing, we ought to be reminded of the progress made by the biochemist in the field of medicine. We know of the vitamines and their importance to health. We have heard of insulin, discovered at the University of Toronto, which brings hope and comfort to the patient suffering from diabetes. This compound, obtained from the pancreas, makes possible the use of certain amounts of starch and sugar, so-called carbohydrates, by the sufferer and, if the case is not too far advanced aids greatly in its cure.

In the fields of antiseptics much has been accomplished, and instead of the old, smelly carbolic-acid type, we now have some of the type of mercurochrome which are not irritating, are effective and even can be, under proper conditions, injected into the blood stream. Dakins' solution, a neutral solution of sodium hypochlorite, did wonderful service during the war in preventing gangrene and is still used in hospitals. Even more useful is chloramine T, a close relative but more stable and less irritating. Very important and interesting is hexyl-resorcinol, which is 50 times as powerful as carbolic acid and yet can be taken by mouth. It disinfects the blood stream and especially the kidneys and renders the urine sterile.

Besides antiseptics have come new anesthetics and, instead of only cocaine for local anesthesia, we have procaine, apothesine, butyn and others for special purposes which are less toxic, cheaper and are not habit-forming. The chemist has learned to associate certain structures in the molecule with specific effect, so can make a drug with almost any given desired effect.

In the lines of total anesthesia have come improvements over the use of ether or chloroform by use in some cases of nitrous oxide, of ethylene or even of acetylene. Much remains to be done here, however.

Of very great interest and importance is the study of the secretions of the so-called ductless glands. For the relief of those who have asthma, hives or heart failure we now have adrenalin or epinephrin. It not only is of use as mentioned but stops bleeding locally when injected, by causing a contraction of the blood vessels. This substance has been synthesized and its structure is understood so that it can be prepared pure and of definite strength. Another product rather recently discovered is thyroxin, a substance present in the thyroid glands, connected in its effects with growth and metabolism

control. Studies bringing much information about the pituitary and other glands and the so-called hormones connected with them have been very fruitful, and medicine is profiting greatly therefrom. We can expect still greater progress as the years go by for the work is really not much more than well begun.

We might go on into the fields not only of foods, clothing and medicine, but also those of communication, housing, transportation and reaction and at every turn we should find the chemist doing his part in the preparation, purification, protection, or improvement of practically everything with which we come in contact. There is no science which has more to do with our lives and their living than chemistry.

Humanism

The greatest and best educators in the world's history are those who teach faith in God as the end of all teaching. Their words live, and forever uplift humanity.

Some educators, however, teach humanism, which is to give man all credit for his accomplishments. They make the end of their teachings superman, and do not recognize God in anything. Such teaching is destructive of faith in the Father of us all, "the giver of every good and perfect gift." Such educators fail to recognize God as the giver of the intelligence they enjoy, of the air they breathe and the food they eat. In their conceit, as Nebucadnezzar, they are lifted up in the pride of their own achievements and they teach others what great things man alone can accomplish. They do not worship God, but they worship mentality, notwithstanding the commandment: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." They look upon the mighty cities and the beautiful palaces and gardens and in the pride of their hearts they say: "See the great Babylon that we have built by our own power and for our own honor and majesty."

Surely the words of Daniel to Belshazzar apply to the teachers of humanism: "Thou hast praised the idols of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, but the true God who lets thee live and gives thee all things, thou hast not praised."

When the awakening finally comes and they see the result of their teachings in the destruction of the faith of their pupils, they would willingly pull the mountains down on their heads, as the Book of Mormon states, rather than face and answer their Maker, but they cannot. Then they will fully realize the terrible meaning of the Savior's words:

"But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea," (Matt. 18:6).—*Joseph S. Peery.*

Seven Minutes in Eternity*

By William Dudley Pelley

(*Conclusion*)

THERE is a survival of human entity after death of the body, for I have seen and talked intelligently with friends whom I had looked down upon as cold wax in caskets.

But that is not all. There is plenty of aftermath. To describe the effects of the experience, however, it is necessary to intrude a few personal confidences, none of which I am eager to make.

I brought something back with me from that Ecstatic Interlude —something that had interpenetrated my physical self and which suddenly began to function in strange powers of perception.

I was born the only son of an itinerant Methodist preacher. Soon after my birth my parents began that old-fashioned Odyssey of traveling from "call" to "call" in the northern Massachusetts back hills.

Orthodox Protestant theology, as it was forty years ago, was far more plentiful in my father's household than bread, butter, clothes, and fuel. Camp meetings and quarterly conferences, the higher criticism, predestination, free will and election, infant damnation, hell fire, and the day of judgment constituted the household in my young and "tender" years. God early shaped up to me as a weird combination of heavenly Moloch and sublimated Overseer of the Poor.

Parish poverty forced my father from the ministry, but with grim New England rigor he saw to it that his relinquishment of a pulpit did not lessen my surfeit of conventional theology. Three times to church on the Sabbath day and twice during the week—Tuesday evening class meeting and Thursday evening prayer meeting—left me small opportunity to forget my Maker and the gratitude I owed him. Just what this gratitude was owed him *for* troubled my small soul exceedingly in those far-off years, because I found myself created a perpetually hungry, shabbily dressed, and none-too-happy youngster who had to start his life labor at fourteen years of age and stay with it thereafter, even to the present.

Rebellion Against Religious Authority

IN THE years between fourteen and twenty-two I became a smoldering young Bolshevik against every kind of authority—particularly against religious authority which had apparently sanctioned these injustices against me—and by picking up the rudiments of a

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denied education through promiscuous reading, I went far afield from accredited Christianity.

No need to clutter up this article with a list of the books I read, but at twenty-two, in a little town in northern New York, I was publishing a brochure magazine of heretical leanings. I had discovered myself possessed of a certain facility with iconoclastic language, and the courage of my ignorance. Fresh from a wry, lonely, misunderstood childhood, cluttered up psychologically with the worst sort of New England inhibitions, revengeful that I had been denied social and academic advantages for which my hunger was instinctive, I proceeded to play a lone hand and make things hot for several godly people whose only indictment was that they represented Authority as aforesaid—and especially spiritual.

On maturer perspective I see that I should have been spanked—or educated—but all the theological misfits in forty-eight states and a couple of foreign countries were soon buying my magazine, and my twaddle was piling up to give me much heartache later when I came to see that I took out on God what I should have taken out on inhibited environment.

The Almighty stood the onslaught pretty well, however. I got into newspaper work, and marriage, and fatherhood, and more poverty, and that was the last of the heretical magazine, though not of its owner's theological complexes. I shopped around in my religions. I read still queerer books. And inevitably the day came when immature intelligence couldn't stand this food, and instead of digesting it, I ejected it *a la mal de mer*. . . . . For ten years I was one of the worst agnostics that ever had books come to his post-office box in plain wrappers from freak publishing houses.

I had brains enough to see that my life had been started all wrong and was "getting no better fast," but had not the academic or social equipment to alter existence and start myself about-face.

Those were cruel, cruel years—looking back on them now. A couple of my business projects went to whack. So did my marriage. With each additional snarl I got more and more vindictive. The death of my first daughter mellowed me somewhat for a time. I wrote a couple of novels in which love of human nature was largely a reflex from the fearful storm of hatred and despair that was waging inside me. I knew my life was a ghastly mess, that I was cynical and caustic, that the so-called "friends" whom I could trust could be counted on the fingers of one hand—and most of those would stand watching—that we got nothing in this world unless we fought for it with the ferocity of a Siberian wolf-dog and that

America's entry into the World War found me in the Orient, without a doubt *Death ended everything.*

not at all a healthy place for one striving to escape the biological premise for human existence. I went with the Japanese forces to Siberia, acted as Red Triangle man, consular courier, and war correspondent through the Bolshevik-Czech campaign, and came back to the United States to face a newspaper business in ruins. The swarming millions of Asia had not confirmed my faith in the conventional Almighty's goodness and wisdom—had made me only more skeptical, in fact—though I never had anything but remorseful tenderness in my heart of the Man of Sorrows and what he epitomized in the human scheme of things.

Taking Life by Strong-arm Methods

TO save my newspaper creditors from loss, I went to Hollywood and labored among the Flesh Pots. I made a score of motion pictures, most of them flops because I had a most uncanny facility for roiling the very persons whom I should have made my friends. I wrote a couple of books which my publishers refused. I fought with them in consequence, still taking life by strong-arm methods. I wrote many stories that editors rejected. I fought with them, too.

When an editor wouldn't buy a certain story I sat down to my typewriter and contrived to tell him that I thought him an ass. I even told the editor of *The American Magazine* that he was an ass—in spite of which he showed his caliber by taking my opinion as painlessly as possible and going right along buying and publishing my better submissions. That hurt worse than if he had fought with me. You see, I had the unfortunate complex that the attainment of success meant a knock-down-and-drag-out scrap. It made me a lone wolf at life, getting the least bit mangy as I reached my forties.

Time after time I tried sincerely to correct my psychology and get back certain religious (not theological) cues I felt I had lost with the passing of boyhood. I plunged deeper than ever into eleven-pound volumes on all sorts of race traits and behaviorism. It was a walking exposition of how a man may reach middle life and be the worst internal mess that ever got into "Who's Who."

Brings Something Back

IN view of such an autobiographical summary, can you see the significance of my nocturnal experience?

I went about my bungalow in the days that followed as if I were still in a sort of trance—which verily I was. Days of this, with a queer unrest galvanizing me, a feeling that I was on the verge of something, that out of my weird Self-Projection onto another plane of existence I had brought something that was working within me like yeast.

Then came experience number two—not quite so theatric and therefore harder to describe.

One night while still imbued with the "feeling" of my fourth dimensional adventure, I took down a volume of Emerson and opened it by chance at his essay on the Over-Soul. In the middle of it, though not reading any specific line, epigram, paragraph, or page, I had a queer moment of confusion, a sort of cerebral vertigo, then a strange physical sensation at the very top of my head as if a beam of pure white light had poured down from above and bored a shaft straight into my skull. In that instant a vast weight went out of my whole physical ensemble. A veil was torn away.

An Indescribable Experience

I saw no "vision," but something had happened and was continuing to happen. A cascade of pure, cool, wonderful peace was falling down from somewhere above me and cleansing me. My book fell from my fingers to the rug and stayed there. I sat there staring into space.

I was not the same man I had been a moment before!

I mean this physically, mentally, spiritually. I knew that somehow I had acquired senses and perceptions that I could never hope to describe to any second person, and yet they were as real to me as the shape of my wrists. For a time I wondered if "much learning had driven me mad," but then I recalled that really mad people never question whether or not they're mad. Next, I was aware of something new and strange and different from anything in my whole experience—

There was someone in that darkening room with me besides Laska, my dog. In fact, I was aware that several living, vibrant personalities were with me in that room. Laska sat up, cocked her head from side to side, and wagged her tail at some of them—at *nothing*—apparently—one of them, in particular, standing by my desk at the north end of the room. And yet I was not in the slightest afraid. Why be afraid of our friends? * * *

Discovers Hidden Powers

IN all of my life up to that time I had never seen a ghost, never had more than an academic interest in psychic phenomena. I had not invited any of these experiences that I knew of. They had simply *come* to me.

What really had happened was, *I had unlocked hidden powers within myself that I know every human being possesses, and had augmented my five physical senses with other senses just as* bona fide, *legitimate and natural as touch, taste, smell, sight, and hearing.* That

I had help in unlocking those hidden powers I do not deny. Nevertheless, nothing had happened to me that has not happened to hundreds of other people, but only very rarely do they talk about it.

What those hidden powers are, and why I maintain that they are *bona fide,* legitimate, and natural I shall have to leave. But they had suddenly shown me that life is not at all the ordinary, humdrum, three-meals-a-day thing that I had always accepted. Its essence or its meaning is so vast and fine and high and beautiful that it overwhelmed me, and a recognition of it performed a sort of *re*-creation in me that made me feel I was actually *not* the same fellow I had been just before.

My desire to explain what I mean by this is almost an ache within me at this moment. But, for some uncanny reason, words are not the medium to convey it. Thought doesn't convey it. Feeling doesn't convey it. The "me" that is the Bill-Pelley identity can convey it only by *being,* and the fact that I *am* gets it to you.

Is that last a nonsensical statement? Well, I hope I'm not cracked. All I can say is, that I *know* by experience that there is a great, overpowering existence outside of what we call Life—that I have been in it and *felt* it—that having been in it has endowed me with certain capacities that have transformed my whole concept of the universe and, some of my friends are kind enough to add, have transformed me—physically as well as mentally and spiritually.

Ordered to Give up Cigarettes

MY first dramatic physical reaction was a sudden change in the components of my body. I discovered that miraculously I had lost my "nerves."

Ever since childhood I had lived under such a tremendous nervous tension that it had kept me under-weight, put lines in my face and an edge on my voice, shattered me psychologically so that opposition of any kind infuriated me and made me want to crash through it like an army tank flattening out a breastworks. Attacks of nervous indigestion were so common that I no longer gave them thought.

Suddenly all this had departed.

I was peaceful inside.

And the change soon began to manifest itself in concrete form. One day in my office I took a package of cigarettes from my desk. About to apply a light to one of them, *I heard a voice say as gently as any worried mother might caution a careless son,* "Oh, Bill, give up your cigarettes!" And even before it had occurred to me that no one was present in the flesh to address me thus audibly, I answered: "All right!" and tossed the package into the near-by

wastebasket. I went all that day without smoking. Next morning, again, I reached for my tobacco tin across on my desk to load up my corncob. *It was knocked from my hands with a slap that tossed it upward in the air and deposited it bottom upward at my feet with the tobacco spilled out.* No cautioning this time. But I knew!

I haven't smoked tobacco in any form from that day to the present—this after twenty years of smoking a dozen cigars a day, lighting one from the butt of the other. Moreover, I haven't had the slightest ill effect nor did I go through the agonizing torture of "breaking off." I just didn't smoke any more—didn't have the nervous urge—didn't even give tobacco a thought.

The same strange prohibition seemed to shut down on coffee, tea, alcohol, and meats. I endured not the slightest distress in giving these items up. They simply ceased to exist for me. And, inversely, a strange new sensation began to manifest itself in my muscles and organs.

I had the glorious feeling of physical detachment from the handicaps of bodily matter. No form of bodily exercise seemed to take energy that I had consciously to supply. I had always been slightly stoop-shouldered. Without any unusual exercise, my spine straightened of itself, so to speak.

Along with this physical phenomenon went the unexplainable faculty of withstanding fatigue. If I wearied myself by prolonged physical labor, it was the healthy weariness of boyhood that overtook me, and a sound night's sleep wrought complete readjustment. On the other hand, I found I could sit at my typewriter twelve hours at a stretch, if necessary, with hardly a muscle protesting. I had suffered consistently from insomnia ever since a period in my twenties when I worked as police reporter on a morning newspaper. Now I went to bed and to sleep.

With this physical alteration came a different feeling toward those around me. This perhaps was the most astounding aftermath of the whole adventure. Certainly it appeared to have convinced my friends that some extraordinary thing had occurred, since it dramatized my rejuvenation, so to speak, and gave them something to perceive with their senses.

Nervousness Ends

I DISCOVERED, for instance, that I couldn't show any more nervous bellicosity to those with whom I came daily in contact. I recall specifically that just before my strange experience I had made an unfortunate investment in a chain of western restaurants. I was striving to withdraw with minimum loss. Local banks and bankers

had refused to come to my assistance in order to lubricate the situation and help hold the proposition together till a purchaser more competent in the food business than myself should be procured. I submit that I had every chance to be incensed at them for not assisting me, for my bank account had run into thousands upon thousands of dollars and the conventional banking advice and aid at the right moment would have made the whole commercial ordeal only a passing incident.

Six months before I would have been so fighting mad that my hatred of this sort of treatment and my loathing of "bloated capitalists who showed themselves only fair-weather friends" would have made me physically ill. In fact, I formerly prided myself on being a good hater. But somehow, worried though I was, I hadn't the slightest ill will toward these banking people, and I went ahead and pulled my proposition out of the hole without their financial aid.

And, inversely, when the situation came to the surface and others heard of the fight I was making, I was overwhelmed by their manifestations of good will and their practical assistance. For the first time in my experience people were going out of their way to perform services for me, to counsel me, to seek my society, to make me and my problems one with themselves—yes, even to offer me unsolicited loans. I think this amazed me more than the strangeness of my physical rebirth. At first I thought it might have something to do with a resentment those persons held toward the bankers who had abandoned me just the moment a cloud showed on my horizon. I thought they might be acting in a sort of sympathy and nursing their own barked knuckles. *Then I became aware that some of them hadn't heard of my predicament,* and that startled me. What on earth had gotten into folks that they were so interested in me and my activities?

I came through to New York some weeks later to mend literary fences and renew some sagging editorial acquaintances. I was not at all prepared for the attention I got. It had never happened to me before. I was utterly at a loss. I discovered that some sort of invisible wall between me and the rest of the world had been razed.

It is embarrassing to dilate on this state of affairs and the altered social relations maintaining now with friends who were formerly only acquaintances.

And yet—deep down underneath it all—from the very first I have had instinctive understanding. And that understanding has been growing in clarity every day and hour since that epochal night in the bungalow.

I must concede that it increasingly comprises many factors

and revelations which I am constrained from reporting. Still, there are conclusions and equations I may draw that have a universality of application.

What Caused the Change?

WHAT is this thing which happened to me, and why did it happen?

First, I believe my subconscious hunger after what the Bible terms "the things of the Spirit"—that is, the sincere desire to penetrate behind the mediocrity of three-meals-a-day living and ascertain what mystery lies behind this Golgotha of Existence—attracted to me spiritual forces of a very high and altruistic order, who aided me in making a hyperdimensional visitation. I believe such hunger will always attract such forces.

Second, it goes without saying that having made such a visitation and having had certain questions concretely answered by those I confronted in that dimension, my subconscious (or for that matter conscious) knowledge of what the Fourth Dimension is, and means, and what can be done within its area, undertook to operate first upon my physical body and to bring about the rejuvenation which subsequently came to me. And yet I can no more explain the Fourth Dimension with words than I can convey to a man blind from birth the redness of the color red. I know what it is myself, as I know what redness is. I can see how it interpenetrates Matter, constituting the "inside" of it, so to speak, and how projections from it must come out the reverse of what we know them on the physical plane. But I can no more make it intelligible to the average reader than Einstein can explain Relativity to a group of men in a smoking car, all of them unfamiliar with advanced mathematics.

Third, these experiences immediately revealed to me that there is a world of subliminal or spiritual existence, interpenetrating the ordinary world in which most of us exist as ordinary two-legged Americans, full of aches and worries, *and that this subliminal world is the real world*—the world of "stern reality" if you will; that it is waiting for the race to learn of it and "tap" its beneficent resources, without waiting for what we call physical death; that our "dead" dear ones are existent in it—alive, happy, conscious, and waiting for us to join them, either at death or any time we reach that stage of spirituality where we can make contact with them.

I have seen my own there and have visited with them!

Understand thoroughly—I am not a Spiritualist, an Occulist, or a Psychic Researcher, in the ordinary meaning of those terms. I am not trying to convert anyone to anything. I'm simply telling you that something happened to me which was not consciously

self-invited; that my friends attest to an even greater alteration's having taken place in my personality than I am capable of feeling from within.

Spirituality the Essence of Life

THERE is in every human heart a hunger and thirst for the things of the spirit, but in many of them this desire has been so embalmed with the poisons of worry, doubt, fleshly desire, struggle to attain the wherewithal for physical survival, that for all practical purposes it no longer exists.

But the day is coming in the evolution of the race when spirituality is going to be the whole essence of life, instead of the world's present materialism. Here and there have always been those who, by their unusual visions, self-invited or otherwise, might be called monitors for the rest of us—showing us what we all may attain if we so order our lives and thinking as to be susceptible to such revelations.

I believe that Nature—God—Universal Spirit—give the Great Cause any name you will—is taking this method of conferring unusual experiences upon these "monitors," to give the whole race an inspiration by which it may quicken its spiritual pace. There is nothing any more prohibitive, morally or ethically, to exploration of these new great Fields of *Real* Reality than to exploration of the fields of radio or atomic energy. In fact, the Great Cause *intends* that we shall explore them.

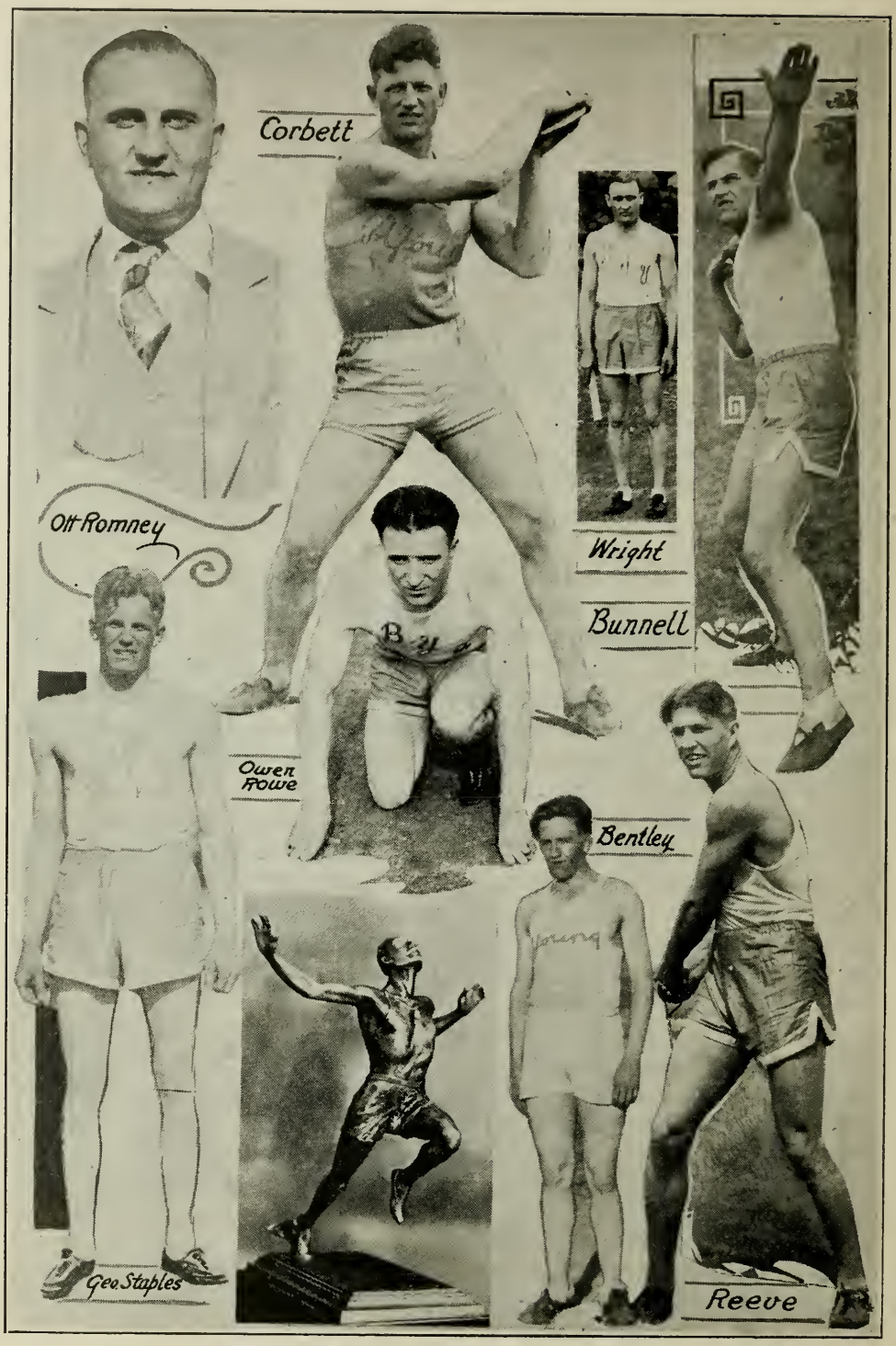
At any rate, whether I am right or wrong, I know that for a limited time one night last year out in California my spiritual entity left my body and went somewhere—a concrete place where I could talk, walk about, feel, and see; where answers were returned to questions addressed to physically dead people, which have checked up in the waking world and clarified for me the riddle of earthly existence.

I know there is no Death because, in a manner of speaking, I went through the process of dying, came back into my body and took up the burden of earthly living again. I know that the experience has metamorphosed the cantankerous Vermont Yankee that was once Bill Pelley, and launched him into a wholly different universe that seems filled with naught but love, harmony, health, good humor, and prosperity.

What's the answer to *that?*

There is no answer, except that it must be accepted as inevitably as I am forced to accept the awareness of my own entity. I *know* because I *experienced.*

Further deponent sayeth not!



Coach Romney and Some B. Y. U. Athletes

Utah Athletes Coming Into Their Own

By Prof. Harrison R. Merrill

BRIGHAM YOUNG University, for the first time in the history of the institution, won the Rocky Mountain Conference championship on May 25, in Salt Lake City, where all of the schools of the conference had met to try one another's strength on the track and field. Coach G. Ott Romney, Owen Rowe, captain of the Cougar team, and all of the men participating deserve great credit for the achievement, for upon that day some of the most brilliant performers the conference has ever seen were competing. And, as Coach Romney gracefully declared in the closing student program, much credit might also go to the coaches of former years.

When all the events were over, and the final tallies had been made, Brigham Young University, with 48½ points, was two and a half points in the lead of the University of Utah, her nearest competitor. Colorado University was third.

It is interesting to note also that Owen Rowe, high-point man of the gathering, barely led his nearest opponent, Byron Grant, of the University of Utah, the difference being a half of one point.

The outcome of the meet was somewhat of a surprise to those who had studied the situation closely. The University of Colorado, in the minds of many of the prognosticators, was given first place and the University of Utah second, for the reason probably that Boulder had been unusually strong in the eastern division and the University of Utah had won the Utah state meet, despite the fact that the Crimson team had lost by quite a large margin to Brigham Young University in the dual meet.

The victory for the B. Y. U. was due largely to the brilliant performances of the Cougar captain, Owen Rowe, whose miraculous legs won him the title of "Rocket" Rowe from some of his Colorado admirers and 18 good points for his team. It happened to be his birthday, and he celebrated the date by winning high honors and by receiving the conference award of a silver loving cup, the second of the kind he had won by a similar performance. He took first in the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard dash, and in the low hurdles, and third in the broad jump. Only a stiff north wind kept him from a possible first in the broad jump, since the event was won well under marks he had set twice before this season.

Though Rowe's performance was the most brilliant of the day, there were others which meant much to the success of the team, several of which came as happy surprises. One of the most spec-

tacular achievements of the entire day was that made by George Corbett, of the Cougar team. Corbett came up from high school noted as a discus thrower of great ability. An injury to his knee and other matters kept him from top form through three years of his college life. This year, with a determination which has kept him at his discus the whole winter through, he not only established a new state record in the discus throw, but in addition defeated the famous Dan Beatie of Colorado Aggies for conference honors.

Reeve and Bunnell also did splendid work in the weights and picked up a number of very necessary points. Reeve holds the state record in the hammer throw, though he was able to take only fourth place in the conference meet, despite the fact that he set the handled weight out farther than it has ever been thrown before in this state.

In Coach Ott Romney's opinion, the two-mile race was the crucial one. He had carefully "doped" the points and the meet was going fairly well, according to his prediction, until the mile run came along. Utah revealed an unusually powerful set of runners and succeeded in taking ten points in the event. Toney Bentley, a Cougar from Mexico, had been slated to win in spite of the gallant Squires. A cold contracted a few days before had thrown Bentley out of condition and he had to be content with fourth place, both Squires and Ivie of the U. of U. racing home ahead of him.

When the two-mile run was announced Coach Romney was desperate. Again Utah, the keenest rival for first place, was unusually strong. Coach Romney sought out his stellar distance man, finding him ill, actually nauseated as a result of his severe cold and his determined run in the mile race in spite of it.

"Bentley, how do you feel?" Coach Romney asked. "Can you run this two-mile race?

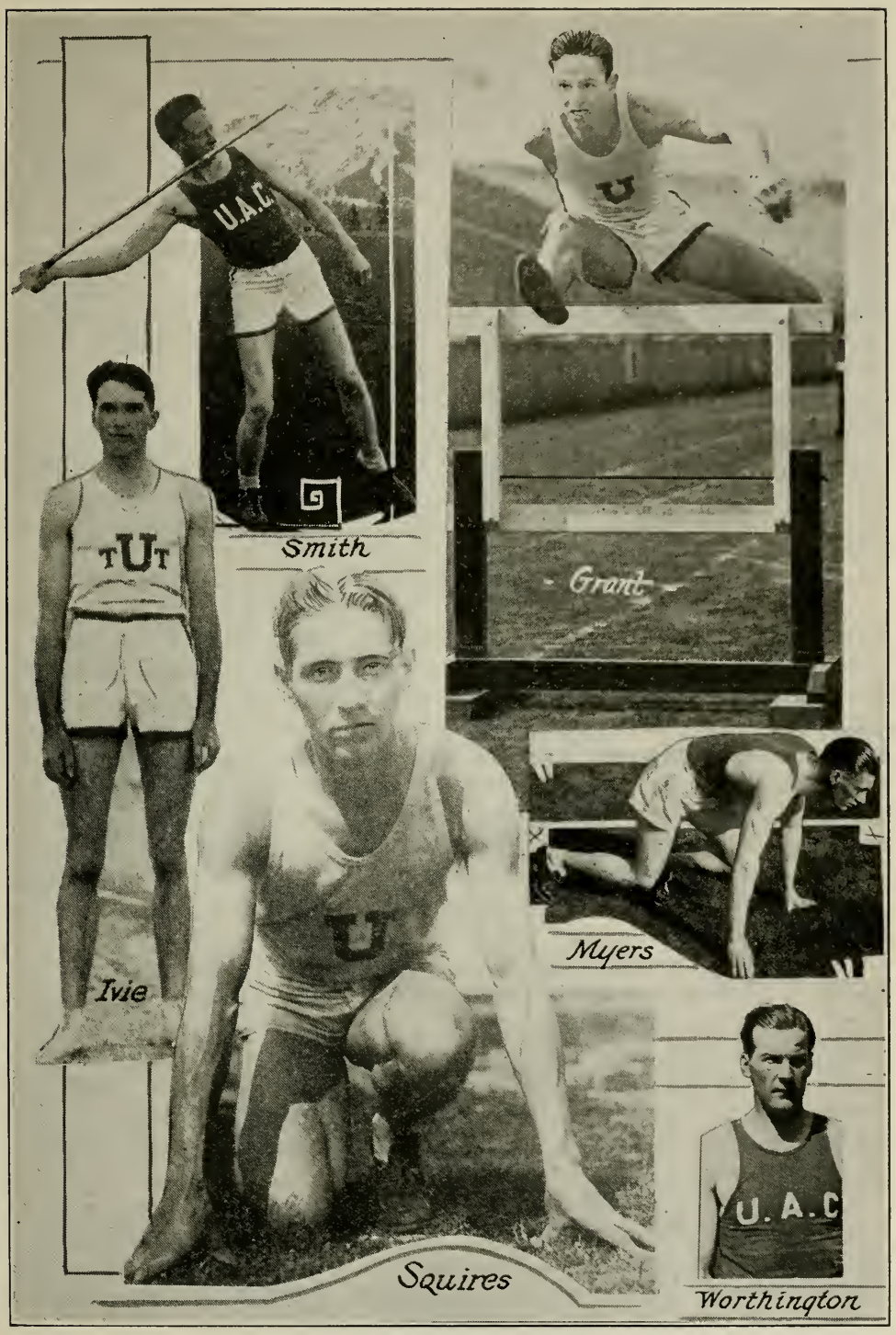
"Coach, it isn't a question of how I feel. What about the points?" Bentley responded.

"Every point now looks like a million," Romney replied.

"Then I'll go in and do my best to get some," Bentley answered.

The two-mile run was one of the greatest races ever seen on a Utah track. As everybody expected, the U. of U. men led a killing pace. Merkley and Nelson, of the "Y," kept up for a number of laps, then began to fall a bit behind. Bentley, running on his nerve, with that great stride of his, passed his team mates. Grimly he held on through all of those deadly eight laps to come home a winner of two points, the exact margin of victory. Nelson, also running beyond himself, came in fifth to win a point which also meant much in so close a contest.

With the two-mile safely over, the Cougars fought desperately for every point to win by an exceedingly narrow margin.



SOME OUTSTANDING UTAH ATHLETES

The University of Utah put up a gallant and a desperate battle for conference honors. Handicapped by the absence of Long, who had been favored to win the 440 and many points if not a first place in the 220-yard dashes, the Utes fought grimly, battling for every event with a determination that carried them within two points of a victory. Byron Grant, Ralph Goodwin, J. Squires, and Wilton Ivie, all revealed great power.

Without the great Glen Worthington, their stellar performer, the Utah Aggies trailed along during most of the meet. Levi Myers, the Panguitch middle-distance man, garnered three points with a beautiful run in the quarter-mile, and Larsen, Aggie weight man, threw the hammer far enough to win points in most meets but not in a meet where Beatie of the Colorado Aggies, Walt Clark, of Denver University, "Dutch" Clark, of Colorado College, and Reeve and Corbett, of the B. Y. U., were all competing. Smith and Phillips the Aggie javelin men, worked up to form. For four years these men have been vieing with each other for honors. Each year for four years one has taken first, the other second. This year, however, a Colorado man slipped in between them for second place.

The absence of Worthington was one of the tragedies of the meet. For four years, Zeus, the beloved, had built up a following of admirers who were all eagerly waiting to see him slaughter the high-hurdle record in his closing year, when an injury kept him from the lists. Worthington felt badly, but no more badly than many of his admirers. The high hurdles between Byron Grant and Glen Worthington would have been a battle of giants, an event for those of the present generation to tell their grandchildren about; and the low-hurdle race between Rowe and Worthington would have been no less worthy of ballad and story, for Rowe and Worthington have been friendly enemies for seven or eight years, through high school and college.

The University of Colorado had difficulty in the preliminaries. Some of their men failed to perform up to par; therefore, the *Denver Post* on Friday evening announced, under an eight-column head, that Brigham Young University would likely take the championship and Owen Rowe would probably take high-point honors. It was predicted that Pinckney, of Colorado U., and that champion relay team, would turn in some great work, and these men did not disappoint their admirers.

Neither did Dutch Clark, the Colorado College weight man; nor Olander, Colorado Teachers' high jumper; and those two flying Colorado Aggies, who took the pole vault with ease from men like Goodwin, Utah; Staples, Brigham Young; Belliston, Utah Aggies; all of whom have vaulted well over 12 feet; Walt Clark. Denver U, and many others also deserve praise.

Were one to select an all-conference team, it would probably be about as follows: 100-yd. dash, Owen Rowe, B. Y. U.; 440-yd. dash, Nathan Long, Utah; 880-yd. run, Leslie Wright, Brigham Young, who won the half-mile in as pretty a race as is ever seen on any track; mile, J. Squires, Utah, or Toney Bentley, Young; two-mile run, Wilton Ivie, Utah; low hurdles, Owen Rowe, Young; high hurdles, Glen Worthington, U. A. C., or Byron Grant, Utah; high jump, Grant or Olander, Colorado Teachers; pole vault, Huffman, Colorado Aggies; broad jump, Owen Rowe, Young, or Grant, Utah; shot put, Dan Beatie, Colorado Aggies; hammer throw, Walt Clark, Denver U.; discus throw, George Corbett, Young University; javelin, Cy. Phillips, Utah Aggies; mile relay team, University of Colorado, although both Utah and Brigham Young, with their best men in the race, could dispute the last choice.

Besides winning the championship, Brigham Young University won more first places than any other team and also won points in more events than any other team.

State of My Nativity

State of my nativity,
Proud!—proud am I of you!
Of your sinking, golden gladness,
Of your sky's own flawless hue!
Of your wealth of surging waters,
O'er which wide-winged sea-birds roam,
Finding on your wave-girt islands
Haven for a nesting-home—
Of your might of regal mountains,
Towering high on every side,
Holding wonders of the ages
In their canyons deep and wide!
Proud of the intrepid mortals
Who have bade you yield your best—
Placed the rose upon your bosom,
Where once Cacti drained your breast!

Other climes may lure me thither,
For a time, may glamour cast
O'er my beauty-craving spirit.
But not long their charm may last;
Comes a day when heart throbs quiver
With keen pangs of longing pain,
Till my steps are homeward wended,
Where my love and pride remain!

State of my nativity,
Shrined is your every grace,
And echoed are the words of him
Who once said—"This is the place."

Provo, Utah GRACE INGLES FROST.

Reaction Against Cigarette Advertising

The Pacific Printer and Publisher, of San Francisco, in its issue of May, 1929, contains the following items:

THE Chehalis (Wash.) *Lewis County Advocate* has banned cigarette advertising from its columns. The *Advocate* is owned and published by Chapin D. Foster, a former president of the Washington Press Association. The *Advocate* is one of the outstanding weekly newspapers of Washington. Mr. Foster's editorial announcing the new policy follows:

After a good many weeks of rather intensive consideration, the publisher of the *Advocate* has reached the conclusion that it is time for this paper to adopt a rather unusual policy with regard to one kind of advertising which has been found from time to time in the columns of this newspaper as it has in the columns of every other newspaper in the country.

Speaking rather bluntly, the decision is to accept no more cigarette advertising so long as the present program is being carried on by the tobacco folks.

So far as we know, the *Advocate* is the first newspaper to adopt such a policy, but we predict it will not be the last.

Decision in the matter is not, we feel, due to any prudish or unreasonable ideas. We simply feel that there ought to be a limit to the extent any manufacturer will go to secure expansion of his business, and the cigarette people have not indicated that they have any limit in mind.

The *Advocate* is a pretty personal proposition with its publisher. He wants to produce a paper that can be a welcome guest in any home, that father, mother and the children can peruse its columns with a friendly feeling toward the editor and all the business men who aid in making its publication possible.

Cigarette folks experienced a great boom during the war. Boys in the army were buried under cigarettes as well as mud, as a patriotic duty. The industry grew by leaps and bounds, and more leaps.

Since the war they have been trying to keep up the wartime peak and even more. Apparently the saturation point had been reached with male smokers.

Some chap got the brilliant idea that women and girls might greatly step-up the production and the manufacturers chuckled. Every known form of advertising has been brought into play—and have brought results as all intensive advertising does.

Hardly a week passes but people remark about advertising in

the *Advocate* and tell how it has helped them in one way or another.

We have yet to have a mother or father tell us that they appreciate our aid in inducing their boy or girl to take up a questionable habit. We have heard a good many speak very emphatically against the habit and wonder how they can combat the expenditure of millions to turn boys and girls into cigarette smokers.

No doubt a good many folks will smile at our stand. Certainly, it will not do much to check the game of manufacturers who apparently would take their product to the cradle if not blocked. What one country editor may do will not cause any manufacturer to lose much sleep.

The publisher of the *Advocate* may have too idealistic a notion about his profession but he does not want to be a party to the transaction as outlined by the cigarette manufacturers and therefore declines to accept their money, much as advertising dollars are appreciated.

We confidently hope and believe that this statement of policy will be accepted by our readers in the same spirit in which it has been adopted.

Cigarette Advertising Condemned

In a number of towns in California there has been a discussion of the quality of certain billboard advertising for cigarettes. Various clubs and civic bodies are objecting strenuously to the exhibiting of such pictures as the one showing a young man in the act of "getting a light" from a young woman. This happened in Selma, Hemet, Corcoran, and Crockett. In some or all of these towns, the offensive boards were discontinued.

Baptism

When we are discussing religion several of my friends find it soothing to their conscience to repeat the old phrase, "A just God would never be so exacting as to require that every one must be baptized in a certain way before he can enter into the celestial glory." It seems to me that there is an obvious answer to that contention.

Did every spirit establish its individual means of entrance into this life, or, did we all greet mortality in the same manner? Did one spirit create for itself a body from the dust? Did another raise a corpse to hide its nakedness? Or, were we all born of earthly parents to inhabit earthly bodies in accordance with the law of procreation? Even the Christ was born of woman. We all came into this life in identically the same way.

Is it surprising then, that there should be laws equally strict and unalterable, governing our entrance into that other life in the presence of the Father? Is it reasonable that the Creator should be less exacting as to the entering into his very presence than he was as to the entrance into this life?

" * * * and inasmuch as ye were born into the world by water, and blood, and the spirit, which I have made, and so became of dust a living soul, even so ye must be born again into the kingdom of heaven, of water, and of the Spirit, and be cleansed by blood, even the blood of mine only begotten." Moses 6:58.

Why should we hesitate to obey?—*Verle N. Fry.*

Not A Broken Reed

By Hugh J. Cannon

Reed E. Vetterli

Do you possess enough of the exuberance of youth to be thrilled by a closely contested race? To see a group of young athletes coming into the final stretch, straining every nerve and muscle of highly trained bodies, is something to make one's blood tingle. That, however, is not the only form of achievement which arouses admiration.

No doubt some of the athletes whose prowess has recently been commended in the *Era* could rather easily outrun, outjump or outswim the young man whose picture adorns this article. Reed E. Vetterli, nevertheless, has a record of which any man might well be proud. He comes from a modest, hard-working family and is one of eight children. For many years his father, John Vetterli, was bishop of Emigration ward and is now a member of the high council of Liberty stake.

Reed was born in Salt Lake City, August 20, 1903, and is therefore not yet twenty-six years old. He has the distinction of having gone through the grades and high school without having once been absent or tardy. That in itself is so unusual as to deserve special mention. He graduated at the age of fifteen years. While in high school he became actively engaged in scouting and rose from a Tenderfoot to an Eagle Scout, the second in Utah to attain that rank, and was chosen as one of the two boys to represent Utah in the great international jamboree held in London, England, in the summer of 1920.

Naturally such a lad would not be satisfied to stop with a high school education. He secured employment in the Z. C. M. I. overall factory at $40 a month, and in a year had saved enough to take him to Washington, where he entered the George Washington

University law school. It is a creditable fact that while attending this institution he earned enough for his expenses, and at the same time made so satisfactory a record that he became president of the graduating class. He took his degree at the age of twenty years, and during his last year at school was president of the Utah Legal Club.

Young Vetterli successfully passed the examination for admittance to practice law in Utah, but shortly thereafter returned to Washington, where he entered the employ of the alien property custodian as an attorney. At the age of twenty-two, we find him engaged as agent with the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, though the usual requirements are that a man to hold this position must be twenty-five years old besides being a graduate of an approved law school. His duty was to collect evidence in all cases in which the United States was or might have been a party. He was assigned first to Omaha, Nebraska, and subsequently to Norfolk, Virginia. After being in the service but little more than a year, he was put in charge of the Norfolk office and in this capacity directed a corps of men operating throughout Virginia and North Carolina. Subsequently the office at Norfolk was abandoned and a new one set up at Charlotte, North Carolina, with young Vetterli in charge. Little time elapsed until he was again promoted, this time placed in charge of the St. Louis office, from which point he directed the work of the department in practically all of Illinois and half of Missouri.

It is interesting to note that Reed was the youngest man to hold a position of this kind in the history of the government service.

In the fall of 1928, all of the thirty agents in charge of offices working along the same line as this young man were unexpectedly called to Washington and put through a severe written examination. In this test Vetterli received a mark of 98.7, the highest given in the examination, though he was the youngest man. This brought upon him additional responsibilities.

That the government is willing to pay for ability is indicated by the following, which shows the amount at which this young man started and the increased compensation which has come to him:

Entrance salary	June 12, 1926,	$2,700 per year.
Increased	October 1, 1926, to	2,800 per year.
Increased	April 1, 1927, to	3,000 per year.
Increased	October 1, 1927, to	3,300 per year.
Increased	November 1, 1927, to	3,500 per year.
Increased	February 1, 1928, to	3,800 per year.
Increased	March 1, 1928, to	4,000 per year.
Increased	July 1, 1928, to	4,600 per year.

Increased	December 1, 1928, to	4,800 per year.
Increased	February 1, 1929, to	5,000 per year.

Incidentally, word has come that at least one more increase of salary has been given him, but that has not been verified.

Reed is a modest young chap and does not talk readily about his achievements. However, he does attribute his success to the early training which he received in a "Mormon" home. To quote his own words: "There I was taught the principles of righteousness and to give thanks to the Giver of all good for health and strength and all the blessings of life. The experiences of the last few years have taught me to value more dearly the precious principles of truth, honesty and virtue. Every day of my life my testimony of the divinity of 'Mormonism' is becoming stronger, and I am proud and happy that I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

Reed's father reports that he is a full tithe-payer, a strict observer of the Word of Wisdom and is married to a good "Mormon" girl.

To quote young Vetterli again:

"What is accomplished by going to an Eastern school? Personally I went East because I was able to work my way through there, while I did not see such an opportunity in Salt Lake. A young man is broadened in one sense of the word by being away from home and in a different atmosphere. However, I can see no other advantages of schooling in the East. If one is willing to work, results will come as well in Salt Lake as in Washington."

Senator Smoot Speaks in U. S. Senate Against Cigarette Advertising

On June 10, in the Senate, Reed Smoot raised his voice in protest against the pernicious advertising of cigarettes on billboards, and offered a resolution to amend the pure drug and foods act. He argued that the department of agriculture should exercise the same control over false and deceptive statements made through advertisements that it now exerts in preventing the use of false and deceptive statements made on containers or labels. Senator Smoot quoted the president of the American Tobacco company as having stated there was no basis for any assertion that the company desired to create a child market for the cigarette, and concluded with the words:

"What is to be said for such a statement, when at this very moment the American Tobacco company dares to flaunt on the billboards of the nation posters showing an adolescent girl smoking cigarettes?"

From the Land of Cherry Blossoms

By C. M. Berge

Takeo Fijuwara in His Costume as Court Reporter

"My principal reason in coming to America was one of religion," says Takeo Fijuwara, Japanese student of Brigham Young University. Takeo (tack-e-o), as he is favorably known about the campus, is the fifth child in a family of twelve boys. In the United States he is twenty-one years of age, but when at home in Japan, he is twenty-two. The difference of one year is due to the Japanese way or custom of counting age. When their baby is born they say that it is one year old, instead of waiting one full year after birth to give it its first birthday, as is the custom in America.

Fijuwara joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Sapporo, Japan, in 1924, just before the mission, opened by President Heber J. Grant (he was then an apostle), Elders Horace S. Ensign, Louis E. Kelch and Alma O. Taylor, was closed. Two years later he became acquainted with Dr. Franklin S. Harris, president of Brigham Young University, who was then making a world tour, studying world agricultural conditions and visiting the "Mormon" missions.

Encouragement from Dr. Harris, supplemented by a frank explanation of conditions here, stimulated and speeded up young Fijuwara's coming to "learn more about the theology of the 'Mormons'." His thirst for knowledge was whetted prior to graduation from a Japanese middle school (high school), and he worked as reporter of the Sapporo Provincial Prosecutor's office for ten months. This office is given only to those Japanese students who attain an

exceptionally high scholastic standing while in middle school. Takeo was later advanced to court reporter of the Kushiro Provincial Court and as such he worked for one and one-half years before leaving for America.

School momentum at B. Y. U. was in full swing when he arrived. This only served to increase his scholastic difficulties; but this was offset by his diligent application of effort. Fijuwara matriculated as a special student, taking part high school and some college courses. Combined language and financial limitations did not crowd success from his efforts, for during his first year he graduated from B. Y. high school and made a fine record in his college work.

TAKEO WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH SCHOOL

Takeo is a very happy little fellow and looks to each day with a new desire to do something for his friends. His cheery expressions, "sank you," "can I help you?" and "let me buy you a drink," well explain what is in the depths of his heart. He has entered into the real college life, yet leads in the realm of helpfulness.

Takeo's daily routine carries him through early hours and perilous angles as he puts the "shine on" the third-story windows of the university buildings. His ability and technique at climbing from window to window, with bucket and window washer in his hands, would make most monkeys envious. The shine on the windows is nothing short of that on the proud housewives' water glasses. Takeo says "its fun to work when you can pay your own way through college." He is entirely self-supporting.

In studying and taking notes on his lessons, Takeo makes wide use of the typewriter. He says that "the fingers think faster when they punch the keys than when they have to move the pencil." Due to the Japanese custom of letting the finger nails on the little fingers grow long (supposedly to indicate high-class standing), it is really interesting to see Fijuwara sit down to the typewriter and write out his lessons with three fingers on each hand. Especially is this true when he is getting his French lesson and tries to put the markings over the letters with the typewriter. With his Japanese, Chinese, English and French languages, Takeo is in the class of a linguist.

Fijuwara's social aspirations are taken care of by his ability and desire to entertain. He takes an active part on the Public Service Bureau's programs, which are sent out by the university student body. High schools respond enthusiastically to his combined talks and musical renditions on his *Shakuhachi* (this has the appearance of an eighteen-inch bamboo fishing pole, with all the joint-knots removed from the inside, and holes cut to resemble a flute). Although he doesn't dance, he browses around the dances and watches the dancers. He admits that he really gets quite a "kick" out of seeing others indulge in this pastime.

Takeo feels that the American people do not understand the Japanese spirit, nature, or customs. Japanese social sentiment is suggested in his remark, "A girl should never go out with a boy, or a boy should never bring a girl to her home; of course they should not go to picture shows." Fijuwara understands that we think they have very peculiar customs, but says that "the American customs are even more queer to the Japanese people." He gave as an example the "Mormons" dancing in their houses of worship on a Saturday night and the next morning going to the same place to worship their God. This freedom of activity in the house of worship cannot be understood by the Japanese people.

"One reason why the missionaries could not make themselves understood by the Japanese people," he explains, "was because of their inability to see each other's point of view." The rapid advancement of the Japanese people, through their adoption of European and American civilization, has brought them to a state of confusion. They haven't had time to study religion, but have studied science with pronounced vigor.

"Another reason why 'Mormonism' was refused by the Japanese people was due to the fact that the Americans refused it—that is, Americans who belong to other churches. They have told my people many unfavorable stories about the 'Mormons,' and this created much prejudice against 'Mormonism,' so that most of the people entirely refused their doctrines.

"I hope the Japanese mission of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints may be re-opened at some time in the near future, and when it is, I hope to be able to explain better the Gospel of Christ among my people. The Japanese people are very reasonable and quick to learn if the Gospel can be explained to them. So I hope also to establish, or to be instrumental in having established, a Church school in Japan where it will be possible for my people to attend. This, I am sure, would help very much in spreading the knowledge of the true religion."

With this opportunity for future service stimulating him Takeo Fijuwara continues his many duties at Brigham Young University.

Man in the World of Unseen Things

By Dr. Thomas L. Martin, Agronomist, B. Y. U.

It is accepted by many that bacteria, molds, insects, etc., which abound in the soil are organized for their work somewhat after the order that men and women are organized in human society. It is also understood that there are good and bad organisms in the soil, the good ones working best when conditions are favorable for a healthy soil.

The soil condition in relation to its microscopic life is somewhat similar to human beings in relation to their microbial world. There is quite a parallel.

There are in and about all human beings innumerable bacteria waiting for an opportunity to establish an abiding place in the region of the human flesh. They are commonly known as "opportunists." If the flesh is broken they pass into the tissue. If the body is healthy, little cells "phagocytes" popularly known as little white soldiers, attack these invaders and a real war ensues. In the battle, much tissue is destroyed and generally the soldiers win out. Dead bacteria, phagocytes and tissue are thrust from the body in the form of pus. As evidence that these things are occurring, the patient entertains a festering sore.

Sometimes typhoid bacteria are taken into the digestive tract, thence into the blood stream where they slowly multiply. The individual contracts typhoid fever. The body throws into the blood stream substances known as agglutinins. These agglutinins draw the bacteria into little clumps which slowly weaken the organisms so that they cannot multiply. Soon they die and the individual slowly recovers.

The diphtheria germ is all about us. It finds the region of the throat a suitable place in which to live. As this organism works, a great amount of poison is produced which destroys the throat tissues. It swells and the individual suffocates. Eventually some of the vital organs are affected. While this poisoning is going on, the body throws off some anti-poison, which counteracts the effects of the disease. The body, however, often is too slow, so man has come to the rescue, and by a series of experiments has found out how to secure antitoxin in large amounts. Now when a person contracts diphtheria, antitoxin is injected, which counteracts the poison. The individual gets better and slowly recovers.

Another organism finds ready access to the lungs. If the body is weak the bacteria develop in the lungs, little tubercles or nodules which slowly fill up the little alveoli or cells of the lungs. Slowly

the lungs fail to work and the individual dies of tuberculosis. These little tubercles, filled by bacteria, are sometimes walled in by protective tissue. There are very few individuals who have not sometime in their lives battled with these tubercle bacilli, but the resistance of the individual has been so strong that he has imprisoned these organisms within the walls of tissue so that they have died without doing much harm.

The pneumonia germ, the tetanus bacillus, the small pox, spinal meningitis and infantile paralysis germs or filterable viruses and many others are waiting for weaknesses in men, but man as a class seems to have resisted the larger part of them and has held them in check.

Has the thought ever arisen, why man should have this natural immunity, this power to resist the invading parasites? Is it not another illustration of the great plan of an All-wise Being? Does it not fit in with the same series of questions which ask why plants grow? Why the atmosphere contains the right proportion of oxygen and carbon dioxide? Why the seasons are as they are, etc.? The great force responsible for all this is the same great force responsible for the ability which man possesses in resisting the attacks of the enemies of the unseen world.

The second part of this discussion should prove impressive. There is a parallel between the unseen hosts which attack man and the unseen hosts in the soil which wait to attack that upon which man depends, the plant.

In the soil there are innumerable organisms, as many as one billion in each pound of soil. Many of these organisms are "opportunists" too. They, too, wait until the plant weakens, then start their destructive attacks. When the soil is in a healthy state the desirable bacteria work and render such great service that plants are produced abundantly. If soil conditions are not favorable, however, then the plant parasites do their work. Soil is naturally such that plants develop great resistance. Poor treatment of the soil wears down the ability of the soil to furnish the resistance the plant needs. Give the soil improper care and any number of conditions may prevail which will allow the plant to lower its resistance and thus become a prey to the undesirable germs.

Scab, rhizoctonia, mosaic and fusarium wilt of potatoes, scab, root rot, and nematode infection of sugar beets, smuts and rusts of grain, wilts and rots of alfalfa, stem rot of cabbage and tomatoes and many other diseases common to all crops are caused by disease germs which lurk in the soil. They are just as prevalent and wait as patiently for an opportunity as do the bacteria which prey upon

the human body. All they want is something to weaken the resistance of the plant.

All plants must have carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, phosphorus, potash, sulphur, calcium, iron and magnesium. If nitrogen is short in the soil, large roots and poor top development will occur. Many plants will produce dry, yellowish brown, unfruitful, dwarfed bodies. If the nitrogen and the potash in the wheat are out of balance, yellow berry, a common disease of wheat, will result, which means a poor grade of flour in the manufactured product. Fleshy roots and tubers such as sugar beets and potatoes very often suffer from potash hunger and when they do, the plants develop yellow and bronzed leaves, discolored stems, and wilted leaves and stems, such that the whole plant is thrown out of a healthy condition and a weakened state ensues, followed by the invasion of the waiting parasites and all the accompanying diseases. Often it is interpreted that the disease germs were so prevalent that the plant could not resist. Really one should realize that it is largely due to the weakened resistance of the plant which prepared it for the attack by the waiting organisms, just as it is with human beings.

If there is too much water in the soil, the temperature and air relations become bad for the plants, and they are weakened to the extent that they succumb to disease. Apple scald, black heart and tip burn of potatoes, lodging of grain, bitter pit of apples, blossom end rot in tomatoes, water core in apples, are all due to improper air, water and temperature relations. Most all of these physiological diseases lower the resistance of the plant, and when a plant acquires them they are so weak that any number of disease organisms do attack them, and soon new diseases complicate the whole plant situation. The thought one must get from this is that these parasitic disease troubles seldom occur until the weakened resistance has created a gateway by which the germs may enter.

This parallelism between plant, soil and man is very evident. When man keeps up his resistance, the waiting army keeps on waiting. When man keeps up the resistance of the soil the disease army keeps on waiting. Man is powerful in both cases. Proper care in his eating, sleeping and other health habits keeps up his resistance. Man by proper rotation, fertility, plowing and cultivating practices keeps up the resistance of the soil, too. This takes care of the proper feed habits of plants, together with proper soil sanitation. It is in the power of man to take care of himself and to provide proper environment for plants so that they can resist the ravages of disease.

A little contemplation at this point is worth while. One is often asked to go into the clear night and gaze upon the stars and note their grandeur, or watch the wonderful panorama of nature

when one stands upon Bright Angel Point and studies the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Man's experience will place him in a reverential attitude, such that he will be led to declare, as one great scientist did when he said, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." A little contemplation on this problem "Man in the world of unseen things," too, can cause him to ask: When cometh all this? Why can man resist these innumerable hosts which are waiting for an opportunity to attack him? Why, when such diseases do occur that man can develop phagocytes, agglutinins and antitoxins to overpower these invaders? Why can man assist the helpless plants to resist, too, the disease germs of the soil. If he should not be able to do so, no plant could live upon the earth and hence man could not exist. He is absolutely dependent upon the plant for life and the plant is in turn dependent upon him to keep up its resistance. Why is this? What can have caused so ideal a situation to prevail? In the great scheme of things, could man have planned it so ideally?

The thought stirs up the religious emotions so that when he observes these wonders of nature and feels the great divine force responsible for it all, he is led to declare with the psalmist of old, "What is man that thou are mindful of him?"

Understanding

When life began to polish off my corners,
  And grind them down, I thought it very hard.
I did not understand the severe methods,
  Nor did I glimpse the final sweet reward.

But as each roughened spot is cut and rounded,
  I come to see more clearly, and to know,
The methods of the Jeweler's great labors,
  Who polishes a stone that it may show.

Its facets gleaming pure; reflecting brightly
  The work that He had done, and showing Him
To be the perfect workman, and that He has
  Ground and polished such a perfect gem.

And though the process may be far from pleasant,
  If every corner broken makes more bright
My soul, then I'll reflect in patient waiting
  The radiant beams of Heaven; it is right.

Hazelton, Idaho MRS. FRED G. KILGORE

County Agent in a New Role

By Prof. Harrison R. Merrill

USUALLY when we think of county agents we think of youthful men with starched collars, fresh from college, who go out to show farmers how to farm. We think of them as talking of harvesting time, haying time; of farm accounts, crop pests and other things in a very ethereal manner with much emphasis on theory and little on practice. I say, we sometimes think of them that way. I would not for the world hint that the county agent *is* that way.

I know that county agents are not like that, for the simple reason that I met one who was no longer a county agent; he was a farmer chasing some of his own dreams which had taken shape while he was yet a county agent. Best of all, he was catching up with those dreams, too.

It was a sunny day in Cache valley on which I came across Joe Welch at home. Joe had been our county agent; therefore, I was very curious to see just how he would look on a farm of his own, meeting problems of the farm, face to face. Of course, I'll admit that he had an advantage over most farmers for his land lies in Paradise; but Joe looked very much at home in his rubber boots and "Levi's" that morning.

After showing us his grain, which touched the chins of ordinary men; and his hay, which was as thick as "the hair on a dog's back," he took us to the house and gave us a swig of water drawn from a tap which furnished pure spring water several miles from the spring. Joe looked happy and so did the rest of his flock.

"Now let me show you the glory of my Paradise," he chuckled, as he handed the glass to his wife. "I'll show you the part of the farm that pleases me most."

With his son at his side, for Joe, strange to say, has some ideas about rearing sons as well as about raising hogs, we went down across his rich bench land towards Paradise creek. One glance at that creek and I was almost as eager to share Paradise with Joe as the thief was to share the glory with One vastly more important than we are.

Hills adorned with wheat-grass rolled up from the creek on the far side until they swelled in long green billows against that Cache valley sky, as serene as the face of an angel. Willows, thick and bushy, lined the little stream, permitting it to laugh at us only at intervals. We could hear its throaty chuckle as we approached.

Hop vines, I believe, thickets of briars and wild currants and berries made the place like a page from the book of eternal youth.

We slid down a steep dugway along the upper edge of which tiny springs oozed into the white dust of the trail made by Joe's prize cows and sleek horses. Joe said little. He was enamored of his "glory" and enjoyed it silently.

Swimming pools? Scores of them. Laughing water? Scads of it. Flashing pebbles? Millions of 'em!

Two fat horses followed us as we walked along the creek bank and seemed determined to be ridden. At last the boy could stand it no longer.

"Dad, I think I'll ride," he grinned as he caught the mane of one and slipped the bridle he had been carrying on to the willing head. With an agile hop and a bit of sleight-of-hand with the mane he was up.

"Let's show 'em how deep one of our best holes is," Joe said, as he caught the other horse. "You know when you are farming rather than telling others how to do it, you have time for a little of this," Joe spoke half apologetically, as he swung upon the other horse. "We have a lot of fun along this creek."

The two of them drove their horses into the clear waters of the Paradise and waded them around, the boy laughing with delight as the cool liquid forced him at times to hold up his legs. Joe, with a look on his face I never used to see in our county, led out, selecting

JOE AND HIS BOY

the deepest water in order to increase the adventure—his, that of watching the fledgling learning how to manage himself and horse; the boy's, that of threading unknown deeps sustained and encouraged by one who *knew* his danger and *cared.*

That was Paradise Creek that day and ever will be so long as those two or any two maintain the same trust in each other.

We followed over the little farm—it wasn't so very big—listening to the dreams that were taking form and enjoying with Joe his family and his ambitions.

He was a county agent in a new role—that of the practical farmer. I could see the theoretical college boy shining through his hopes and dreams, but I could also see, as I thought at least, a man's grit that would hang on to those dreams. Oh, no, Joe isn't any youth in years, but he was youthful that morning; as young as the birds, and as trusting.

Our trails haven't crossed since that morning, but I am hoping that Joe's dreams are still expanding. Whether they are or not, he gave me a great thrill that day, for I caught a glimpse of what a man might do for his son on a farm if it is the right sort of farm and if he is the right sort of man.

Do you know, I have since wished that more of our farmers could have the training of a county agent behind them and a farmer's grit as an added asset. I don't know how Joe will come out with his hogs or his cows or his grain—he may make a failure with them—but somehow I have confidence in his success with his boy, and boys count.

A Woodland Madrigal

Hark! How the song birds in the grove
Embowered in roses, sing their tender love!
'Tis here kind Nature in her rosy bowers
Bids Love awaken us amid the flowers,
Inspiring us in tones of merry glee
To sing our song of Love's sweet harmony!

List! How the finch and mocking-bird attune
Their melody to this clear morn in June!

Sing, merry birds, express whatever seems
To you the dearest thought of summer dreams!
Could Man as happily his voice intone—
Each voice impassioned for his love alone—
Like pealing organs he would voice employ
To fill the firmament with tones of joy!

Maywood, Calif. JOSEPH LONGKING TOWNSEND

Our Liberties in Danger

By Prof. N. L. Nelson

It is natural and inevitable that Latter-day Saints should have a deep reverence for law; for only as law became supreme over the passions and caprices of men, could the Church of Jesus Christ be re-established on the earth. That it did not remain among men, as set up in the days of the Savior, was owing to the absence of law, and reverence for it, in the medieval world.

Law in our own age found its noblest expression in the Constitution of the United States. This instrument for the protection of the rights of man was no hastily achieved victory in the cause of truth and righteouness. God had been preparing for it for thousands of years. Some of the steps in achieving this victory can easily be traced in history. One of the notable events was the revolution of the Ten Tribes against the tyranny of King Solomon's successor. What these Tribes demanded was the guarantee of their personal rights and liberties. But Rehoboam, intoxicated with his own power, replied: "My little finger shall be thicker than my father's loins; for whereas my father did lade you with a heavy yoke, I will add to your yoke; my father hath chastized you with whips, but I will chastize you with scorpions."

Could tyranny find words more scornful and over-bearing than these in which to challenge liberty or law as something above and beyond the whims of the king?

To this churlish reply the Ten Tribes sent forth defiance. "To your tents, O Israel!" In other words, "Prepare for war! We will no longer be subject to the tyranny of any king."

For two-hundred and fifty years thereafter under their own rulers, the Lord further developed the sense of law and individual liberty, until the time came when they were to be scattered through the northern countries. Who can doubt that this intermingling of the blood of Israel with the primitive peoples of Europe, carrying with it the love of liberty so long inbred among the chosen people, led in due time to the spirit of independence and reverence for constitutional law now so widespread throughout the world?

Its first notable expression was in the winning of Magna Charta from the tyrant, King John of England. But a clearer statement of the rights of man was found in the Declaration of Independence; and when these same principles of human right and liberty were embodied in the Constitution, we have the highest expression yet formed of the meaning of law and order among men; and of all

these rights perhaps the greatest safeguard was that which guarantees religious liberty.

The time was now ripe for the bringing in of a new dispensation of the Gospel. Theoretically there should have been perfect protection for the true religion of God as revealed to the prophet Joseph Smith. Practically, however, men had not learned to respect the law and order so achieved by our Father through the long reaches of history. The mobocratic spirit, which in effect is the absence and defiance of law, was still alive in the hearts of men; and so we had the early persecutions of the Church that finally led to the martyrdom of the Prophet and the driving of the Saints into the Rocky Mountains.

But after all, the principles of freedom and justice, as set forth in the Constitution, remain constant and effective after the fury of the mob spirit has spent itself. And gradually that influence is having its way more and more throughout America. There are still risings of mob violence here and there, culminating in lynchings and the destruction of property; but these exhibitions of human want of control are no longer defended, even by the actors themselves. Indeed, a sense of shame and humiliation is often felt throughout a community, where formerly there was exultation, cruel and openly expressed. And so the sense of law and order is gradually leaving its impression on the national character.

And from America, where God has made such signal progress in respect for law, the principles of the Constitution have been carried to all parts of the world, especially since the World War. Where now can be found the tyrannical power of Kings? Crowns and coronets no longer stand for special privilege. If they still exist in name they are fast coming to be merely ornaments of the social circle. The meanest beggar in the street may now defy the most formidable tyrant (of recent puissance) so far as any power is left in him to hurt or make afraid.

What does all this mean? Simply that God is developing among human beings a higher sense of loyalty than that hitherto given persons. In other words, the harmony of the universe is being put into the constitutions of human commonwealth; and when this movement shall have been completed then will the Millennium have been established on the earth.

But now, right in the midst of this fine progress, comes a halt in our hopes and aspirations. In America—America, where personal liberty and law had their birth—there is manifest a dangerous counter-movement—a movement for the disregard of law—known as anti-prohibition. It was to be expected that Satan, who from its earliest inception in pre-existence has opposed the widening of hu-

man liberty, should find his last stronghold in whisky and the men whose moral sense is submerged and destroyed by habitual intoxication.

When you add to the breach of law represented by the gratification of low appetites, the further evil of illicit money-making at the expense of moral law, we have negative forces that must not be pooh-poohed or despised. Indeed, in this breaking of law, which ought to hide its head in shame, there have been enlisted courage, shrewdness, and danger up to the hazard of life itself, to help lift the devilish business into respectability; and so it happens that many a man and woman, who would scorn to be called law-breakers, are secret aiders in bootlegging and the evils, widespread such as racketeering, gangster war, and sex immorality, that follow in its wake.

Good men among all social and religious organizations do not fail to see this hidden evil of anarchy, in spite of the false colors under which it is masquerading; and they are not slow to raise their voices against it. Unfortunately the age is one in which little heed is paid to men of wisdom and staid judgment. The younger generation has assumed for itself the interpretation of what life should mean; and these fine spirits, who may be relied upon to find themselves ultimately, are just now uncertain as to whether prohibition should be supported or disregarded. In this state of hesitancy, they fail to sense clearly the deeper evil below it all—the nullification of the fundamental law of the nation.

If this disregard for law were confined merely to bootlegging, then the violence to human liberty would not be so serious; for we are all coming to see that the curbing of human appetites can be accomplished, not by legal means, but only by individual force of character—character made strong by moral training. But the evil soon spreads to other aspects of law and order, just as when a disease makes its inroad upon the human system, breaking down first this organ and then that, until death is the result. The nullification of law in one direction soon weakens the respect for law in all directions; and presently what humanity gained in the Declaration of Independence will be lost again in the widespread deterioration of moral fibre in the national character.

Now just as it is a belief among Latter-day Saints that the Constitution was inspired of God, so it follows that this conservation of law and liberty must be upheld among us as the voice of God himself. And prophecies have not been wanting that whenever its sacred principles are being violated, the Latter-day Saints will come to the rescue, so now the time is plainly at hand; and the combined voices of Zion find expression in last year's slogan of the

Mutual Improvement Association: "We stand for Law, for the people who live it, and the officers who enforce it," as also in the new slogan for this year, "We stand for the Preservation of Our Heritage through Obedience to Law."

In the former slogan there are three distinct propositions; first, we stand for law, whether revealed in scripture, or expressed in nature, or recorded in the highest wisdom of human enactment; for in law only is there uniformity, and therefore justice and liberty. Second, we stand shoulder to shoulder with all men and women throughout the nation who are restraining natural individual tendencies so as to achieve respect for law; finally—and here comes our real chance to help—we stand for the officers who enforce the law. Without us they are powerless, and soon give up all active effort to put down evil. They need our eyes to help see the evil, our moral support to make the evil hideous, and our active cooperation in bringing lawbreakers before the courts of justice. If we subscribe to this slogan, a sense of decency and honesty should make it supreme in our personal conduct, and also in the help we are willing to give in the suppression of the dastardly nullification of our greatest safe-guard of life and liberty.

In conclusion let me ask, in the language of the hymn: Who's on the Lord's side—who? Now is the time to show; We ask it fearlessly, Who's on the Lord's side—Who?

Lowland forest arches overhead, and checkers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. * * * The third character which I want you to notice in the pine is its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this in fringes. You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason—it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which we saw before had been noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual lustre of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud-dew upon them,—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and, themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendor to the sun itself.—*Ruskin: Modern Painters.*

Observation of Nature Recommended

By Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian

THOSE who take outings with fathers and sons should endeavor to make directed observation of their natural surroundings part of the program. Last summer at the outing of the Salt Lake stake, we had the opportunity of making a slight experiment in the value of this variation of the program.

While hundreds were engaged in games on the open space in front of the wigwam, Dr. J. H. Paul, invited by them to relate Indian lore at the campfire, suggested that we saunter along the nature trail.

It was just sunset, but the light was still fair. In thirty minutes we had proceeded less than two blocks, yet in that time we saw and learned enough to pay us for the entire journey into the canyon.

We were first shown how birch and cottonwood trees along the stream have the power, by the manner of their growth, to delay floods and to render them harmless by intercepting the load of rocks and gravel carried by flood waters. The remark was made that birch trees should never be peeled or cut for any use, because of its slow growth and its great value in flood prevention. Of the cottonwoods it was said that they can readily be grown from slips if planted along canyon streams, and in twenty years would form an almost impossible barrier to floods from near-by hills.

Herbs useful for medicine were pointed out—gum plant for arnica, sour dock for blood purifier. The chokecherry, elderberry, service berry, sugar maple, and bee plant—providers of food—were inspected or sampled; plants that follow overgrazing were shown, and differences between the firs and spruces demonstrated by inspection of the white fir. Sandstone, limestone, and quartzite were exhibited, and plants that make soil from rocks were referred to when rocks covered with lichens, moss, and other plants were observed.

In the maple groves the "pleasure in the pathless woods" spoken of by Byron, the quiet exhilaration of the walk into the silences away from the noisy crowds, the uplift from new knowledge, the opening of our eyes to wonders in the canyons unspoiled by the exploitations of mankind—all this in addition to much useful information gained.

This kind of knowledge we found the best suited of all to the real purposes of an outing into the canyons. Father-and-son groups should engage the services of someone who can take them along

the nature trail and explain the meaning and uses of the things encountered there.

It was enjoyable to pitch horseshoes, play ball, and engage in races, games, and tugs of war; to surround the large campfire and listen to the harmonica contests and the Indian stories of early Utah life that were given to the assembly by Dr. Paul; but beyond and above all these rises the joy of discovery of new truth whenever we go afield and learn the secrets of the woods, the usefulness of insect life, the doings of birds, and the ways of the animals.

Floods

In view of the tremendous damage which is done at different times by the "Father of Waters," it is interesting to read of some other mighty sweeps of water, as handed down to us by historians of past ages:—

An inundation of the sea in Lincolnshire, England, in 245, laid under water many thousands of acres.

More than 400 families were drowned at Glasgow, Scotland, in 758.

With a terrific sweep in 1634, the sea reached Bremen, Oldenberg, and other German towns, destroying upwards of 20,000 human beings.

Freshet in the river Liffey at Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 12, 1787, caused immeasurable damage.

From October 31 to November 4, 1840, in France, the Saone poured its waters into the Rhone, broke its banks, covered 60,000 acres, and immersed a number of cities and villages. Six hundred and eighteen houses were carried away and many lives sacrificed. It was the first time in over a century that the Saone had risen so high.

May 12, 1849, there was an inundation of the Mississippi at New Orleans, flooding 160 square miles and 1600 houses.—*George D. Kirby.*

Our God, to Thee We Sing

Our God, to Thee we sing,
We honor Thee as king,
Greatest of all.
May Thy will now be done,
Soon may Thy kingdom come,
Established by Thy Son,
Never to fall.

Lord, send Thy snow-white dove,
Emblem of all above,
Pure love and peace,
Turning all hearts to Thee,
Nations and men agree,
Peace reign o'er land and sea,
Never to cease.

Christ reign as King of kings,
His voice o'er earth then rings
Like radio,
Setting His people free,
Converted they shall be.
When all His wounds they see,
Their King they'll know.

Sandy, Utah DAVID ARCHIBALD

Oscar A. Kirkham Honored

OUR own Oscar A. Kirkham has been selected by the American Jamboree Committee, Boy Scouts of America, to go in an official capacity to the great gathering to be held in England this summer. This information was conveyed in a telegram from Mr. Barclay, who is the chief of staff of the American delegation.

Almost every community in the country has had a candidate for the place which finally has been given to the Utah man, and it is a distinct honor to him and also to the Church, for Oscar is well known to all officials of scouting as a "Mormon." He has proclaimed that fact to high and low wherever he has gone, among others to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he was introduced while in England attending the Jamboree in 1920.

During that visit he was the guest of the English, French and Belgian governments. Three hundred and one boys had gone from America to the gathering, and there were about 5,000 from 37 different nations.

Oscar (everybody in the country calls him by that familiar name) was introduced to Dr. De Marquette, while over there before, and his friends have been pulling out of him, piecemeal, a personal story connected with that interview which is very interesting. It will be pieced together, in spite of Brother Kirkham's protests, for a future number of the *Era*.

Fifteen hundred young Americans will make the pilgrimage to England this summer and will take part as official representatives of the Boy Scouts of America, in the greatest peace-time encampment of boys that the world has ever known. The Jamboree is being held at Birkenhead, across the Mersey River from Liverpool, England, from July 31 to August 13. Fifty thousand Boy Scouts, representing 42 different nations, will pitch their tents and for two weeks will work and play together. The World Jamboree is being held to celebrate the 21st birthday of the founding of the Boy Scout movement and also to pay tribute to Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Chief Scout of the World. More than 400 acres of ground will be under canvas on July 31.

In patrol units of eight, under adult leaders, the American Scouts will embark from several different seaports and, landing at Liverpool, Harwich, Grimsby, Hull, Goole and Newcastle, will journey to the Jamboree Camp. Many of the American Scouts will embark on special trains from the various English seaports and be carried to Birkenhead and Upton. From there they will be trans-

ported by motor to Arrowe Park where the world-gathering is to be held.

Many notables from continental Europe will be present. In previous Jamborees, held at four-year intervals, the kings of England, Sweden and Denmark have attended. This year, the Prince of Wales, who is Chief Scout of Wales, will camp with the Scouts.

Ten Scouts will represent Utah at this gathering. They are: Wendell Gibbs, Ray L. Richards, Eric Ohlson and Theron Plumb, of Salt Lake City; Harold Chesler, Bingham; Austin E. Fife, Logan; Mark J. Brockbank, Spanish Fork; Martin C. Ririe, Lewiston; Homer P. Andersen, Hyrum; and Matthew D. Browning, Ogden.

Conrad A. Johnson, Logan, Scoutmaster of the Cache Valley Council, has been named Scoutmaster of the ten.

The group will leave Salt Lake about July 12, after a week's training in the Ogden Gateway Scout Camp, for New York. Chicago, Philadelphia and Washington will be visited en route. They embark aboard the S. S. Cedric July 20 and arrive in Liverpool July 29, proceeding directly to Birkenhead for the two-weeks' jamboree.

Word comes also that a number of "Mormon" Scouts from continental missions as well as from the missions of the United States will be in attendance. It is interesting to note that the boy who is to represent Austria at the Jamboree is a "Mormon."

As the Day Begins on a Coral Atoll

All is quiet in the hour before the dawn. Everyone enjoys a last minute's sleep before the day arrives. A dog barks in the distance; a man murmurs as he awakes. The stillness is further broken by the sound of a church bell calling the people to prayer; it is joined by the tinkle of a bottle beaten with a nail, which serves as a bell for another group of worshippers. Here and there low voices are heard as the people gather to supplicate God for his watchcare and protection throughout the day. A woman leads in a queer native chant; others join in pleasing harmony—then silence during the prayer.

The darkness is fleeing; the east begins to lighten. The clouds, as if to combat the approaching Monarch of the Day, and apparently intending to obstruct his invading rays of light, rush together at the brightest spot. At first they appear to be successful—it grows slightly darker as they bank up—but not for long. Suddenly a beam shoots from behind a soft-gray cloud, changing its thin border of bright red to gold. As if fearful of being subdued, some of the clouds on the outskirts suddenly break away and scurry across the sky. The King, confident that victory is near, presses on, ever widening the clouds' lacy border of gold—and more deserters leave the fighting ranks. He cannot be stopped now! With a last mighty effort, by which the golden band of obstructing clouds is broken and dispersed, "Old Sol" pushes his smiling face into the world to greet us with a pleasant—IA ORA NA!—*Ellis V. Christensen*, Richfield, Utah.

Forward Hollywood

By Adele Cannon Howells

The Hollywood Stake Tabernacle is completed.

A warm, gray tower with filigree sides mounted by an exquisitely molded dome rises high above the luxurious trees and shrubs of surrounding old aristocratic homes. Below the tower, enclosing a lovely patio, lies the Tabernacle in the shape of an "L," graceful arches forming spacious arcades which lead to the main entrance of the building. The filigree of the tower is repeated in various other parts of the building and echoed in the fine oak doors set with numerous panes of cathedral glass in a similar design. These doors form the lower part of the walls of both the chapel and the recreation hall and at night when the building is lighted produce a charming effect.

President Geo. W. McCune
Hollywood Stake

The interior of the building is equally beautiful. The chapel faces east. A stained glass window on this wall, representing Jesus as "The Light of the World," floods the room with a soft radiance and catches up the light from the twelve other symbolic art windows on the north. The ceiling decorated with colors harmonizing with those of the windows surmounts the delicate putty-colored walls which blend beautifully with the brown mahogany pews and soft cerise carpets which cover the floors. Splendid chandeliers suspended from the high arches light the chapel at night and add much to its beauty.

The baptistry, situated under the chapel, is pleasingly decorated with red velour draperies and red and green carpet to tone in with the green tile baptismal font. Dark green jars are filled with flowers for the baptismal services. In the hall adjoining the chapel are situated the stake office, bright and sunny, and decorated with soft blue, old rose, tan and mustard yellow; the kindergarten room in beige and green, the Gleaner's room in green

HOLLYWOOD STAKE TABERNACLE

Photo taken by M. J. Buerger, photographic authority of New York, London and Los Angeles, who declares this is one of the outstanding buildings of the California city.

and contrasting Spanish colors and the Relief Society room. Upstairs are the private office of the stake president, pleasing in decorations of mulberry gold and black, several class rooms and a large reception room for use during social functions. The reception room is beautifully furnished in the Italian manner featuring a handsomely carved gilt mirror imported from France for a splendid old Los Angeles home now disorganized, an intriguing commode, large Italian wall chairs, inviting davenports, consoles with matching mirrors, fine tables and elegantly upholstered benches. The coloring of the room is charming, a soft apple-green carpet providing a lovely setting for the henna brocade draperies and the gold, green, amethyst and blue upholstered pieces. The room is lighted with crystal chandeliers, crystal girandoles for the consoles and gold torcheres.

DR. GEO. F. HARDING
First Counselor in Presidency of Hollywood Stake

Below the reception room, and stretching the whole length of that arm of the building, is the recreation hall, a fine room decorated with softly tinted walls and an attractive ceiling of Aztec design, whose bright tones of yellow, brown, henna, vermilion, blue and green, lend a festive air. The north end of the room is filled with a semi-circular stage appropriately curtained in henna velour and natural-colored monk's cloth, a special gift from the Gleaner Girls of the stake. At the opposite end of the room is a well-equipped kitchen, supplied with attractive ivory and gold china and substantial silverware, a special gift from Hollywood Stake Relief Society. Under the stage is situated the commodious Boy Scout room which has been brightly decorated by the Scouts themselves.

The size of Hollywood Tabernacle is suggested by its capacity. The seating capacity of the chapel is 860, which may be augmented to 1000. The baptistry can seat fifty people comfortably. The recreation hall can seat 1,250 with ease or allow 500 couples to dance at one time. The various class rooms will seat from thirty-five to seventy-five people. The building is Class A, built of cast concrete at an approximate cost of $200,000.00. It is to be used by Hollywood stake and Wilshire ward, which is an especially good arrangement since the average stake requires a large, commodious building but uses it so seldom that the investment and up-keep are prohibitive. Under this plan, however, with a large ward like Wilshire to carry the burden of the expense other than is borne by the general Church contribution, the construction of a worth-while building is made possible. Wilshire ward donated 52% of all the cash and labor from Hollywood stake, leaving 48%

to be contributed by the other thirteen wards of the stake. Wilshire ward was willing to assume the burden of donating on the average of $85.00 per person or $460.00 per family, so that the other wards had only to contribute on the average of $13.00 per person or $108.00 per family.

The Hollywood stake tabernacle was dedicated April 28, 1929, at the close of a three-day celebration, comprising a concert, reception and ball, a children's party, Priesthood meeting and religious service. An impressive dedicatory prayer was offered by President Heber J. Grant. Other numbers of the program were addresses by President Grant, President Charles W. Nibley, the Hollywood stake presidency, L. K. Sims, Katherine R. Stewart, Alex Nibley, E. W. Farnsworth, Cora Leaver, Winifred Woodmansee Poulton, Charles N. Norberg, and report by Bishop David P. Howells, chairman of the building committee. Splendid musical numbers were also rendered including several by the Hollywood stake chorus which made its official appearance directed by Benjamin J. Summerhays and accompanied by Emil Grob. A dedicatory issue of the *Hollywood Stake Herald* was published for the occasion, consisting, among other things, of important articles by Presidents Heber J. Grant, Anthony W. Ivins, Charles W. Nibley, Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon, the Hollywood stake presidency, John Steven McGroarty, Orra Eugene Monnette, David P. Howells, Levi Edgar Young; letters of congratulation from Governor George H. Dern of Utah, Governor C. C. Young of California, Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles, President George L. Eastman, of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

ARTHUR H. SCONBERG
Second Counselor in Presidency of Hollywood Stake

The Hollywood stake tabernacle is completed—thanks to the generosity of the Church, the leadership of the Hollywood stake presidency, high council, Priesthood quorums, auxiliary heads, bishops and the magnificent co-operation of the people who entered into the enterprise whole-heartedly and completed their tabernacle just two years after the organization of their stake and one year and thirteen days after the laying of the corner stone of the building. Stake members are happy in their achievement because they have actually labored on the building with their hands as well as donated money.

Owing to the lack of space, only organization heads can be given here and are as follows: Stake presidency, George W. McCune, George F. Harding, Arthur F. Sconberg; high council, Vern O. Knudsen, Louis K. Sims, Espey T. Cannon, C. Fred Schade,

Claude Richards, E. Fayette Marshall, John Russon, Jos. H. Manwaring, Preston Richards, Charles H. Norberg, Frank Iverson, David H. Stohl, Alex Nibley, Wm. E. Gough, E. M. Hall; high priests, Wm. J. Reeve; patriarch, James Thomas; 223rd quorum of seventy, Wm. G. Grace; elders quorums, H. Don Preece, E. Garrett Barlow, Leonard Allen, Louis T. Renshaw, Henry Olsen, E. M. Pinkston, H. W. Loutensock; Genealogical Society, E. W. Farnsworth; Relief Society, Katherine R. Stewart; Sunday School, Alex Nibley; Y. M. M. I. A., Charles H. Norberg; Y. L. M. I. A., Winifred W. Poulton; Primary, Cora W. Leaver; bishops, W. M, Roskelly, Leo Beck, Harry Randall, Jr., W. J. Jackman, Albin Hoglund, Wm. Vorkink, Angus E. Peterson, Lorenzo Myler, Mathoni M. Pratt, E. J. Sorenson, Rulon S. Scott, Solomon L. Cox, J. T. Corbridge and David P. Howells. To this list should be added the names of Katherine L. Higginbotham, who has given indefatigable service in keeping the accounts; Emily Brinton Sims, who sponsored the art windows and Gleaner Girls' room, and Belva Woodmansee Nibley, who acted as chairman of the decoration committee. Much praise is due the architects, Messrs. Pope and Burton, and the contractors, Lynch and Cannon, who rendered valuable services.

The Hollywood stake tabernacle is completed—but the people of the stake realize that their work has just begun. They have merely acquired part of the tools necessary to carry on. They hope to live the Gospel and show by their lives its benefits and joys. They are eagerly accepting the responsibility of every Latter-day Saint to make a worthy contribution to the commonwealth of which he is a part. This contribution is explained in detail in the significant article written by President Anthony W. Ivins for the dedicatory number of the *Hollywood Stake Herald* from which we quote:

"From the general gathering place of the Church in Utah, thousands of its members have been sent out to other states, many of them to California. They have not gone with great wealth, but with the ideals of citizenship which the Church instills into the hearts of its members. They have taken with them industry, economy, faith in God, and trust in their fellowmen. They have taken with them devotion to the government of which they form a part, a government which they believe was established by the direct interposition of God our Father, who acted through patriotic men whom he raised up for that purpose. These members are pledged to support and uphold the constitutional law of the country, and to defend it with their lives if necessary, and they will keep the pledge to the last man."

Our opportunity lies before us. Forward Hollywood!

A Thought

The keys of mirth may become less musical as they grow older, but they are returned, and their former strains reproduced by the merry laugh of a little child. Just so do the keys of conscience become flat through lack of use, but if played upon in the spirit of a child, their tone is very clear, and may later be heard in notes of heavenly music.—*A. Henderson.*

When Strength Returned

By Christie Lund

The train rumbled on, past fields and valleys, mountains and cities, back over familiar landscapes, reminding Charles Carson that he was nearing home. In his delight the churning wheels of the train seemed friendly things repeating the pulsating singing of his heart: "I'm going home, I'm going home."

His eyes gazed out upon the sun-kissed fields of yellowed grain, and he could hardly believe that it had been more than two years since he had seen them all. Two years! And yet it might have been yesterday, so unchangedly familiar everything was. Yes, suddenly this was very real and the past two years were taking on the semblance of unreality—sweet unreality.

Mingled with his joy in coming home was a poignant sadness at leaving the mission field; there he had experienced happiness which surpassed everything he had ever known. Now they were passed—the humble serving, the loving companionship, the wholesome, uplifting joy of them, all passed. Would he be able to carry on here with the same high faith and courage that had been his there? Why not? Here was the chosen land of God, the chosen people, here was everything—yet, why had he and many others never realized what was here until they were taken away from it; never really understood and loved it until thousands of miles had been placed between them?

His throat contracted as he remembered how deeply he had been moved as a group of elders had sung, lustily, that favorite "Mormon" hymn, "Oh, Ye Mountains High." He had realized then, for the first time in his life, what it really means to be a member of the Church of God. Yes, he had learned much in the past two years, least of which was that all-important thing, a sense of real values.

Suddenly he thought of Allie, what a worthwhile friend she had been with her wholesome philosophy, her strength of character, her cheering, kind letters that had meant so much to him. She would make the sort of wife that a man should have, a wife to help when things were hard, to lead him in the right way, to encourage and sustain him in the faith. Yet, he knew that subconsciously he was slightly afraid of her; there was something lacking somewhere, but that the lack might be within himself he did not guess.

His thoughts were interrupted by the shrill whistle of the train. He was home! There was the school house, the station—badly in need of paint and looking very small and dilapidated in the glare of the September sun, but pathetically beautiful to him through his tear-dimmed eyes. He could see his mother, father, friends awaiting him. In another moment he was in their arms; they were kissing him, clasping his hand, smiling, crying. He was rushed, amid confusion, to a waiting car when he saw Allie, smiling, cool,—pretty, tears in her eyes. He seized both her hands and whispered, "Hello, Allie! Gee, it seems great to be back. See you later." She dropped her eyes to hide the exquisite happiness in them.

He was taken home, where a delightful dinner had been prepared in his honor, where a few old friends and neighbors had gathered to welcome him and listen to his experiences. He told them eagerly of the trip across the water, his first day of tracting, his first street meeting. He could not quite get over to his listeners that people out in the world actually stood

in awe of them, that they believed it would be the highest privilege in the world to live here in the shadow of the temple. He tried to stir them to a new joy in what was theirs, to a new worthiness of all they had been blessed with, but he seemed unable. Here were these people, their thoughts occupied with the little joys and cares of everyday life, taking their religion more or less for granted. He remembered what one missionary had stated in the field: "The first thing I shall do when I return home is to convert my own family." His friends, looking at him, heeded not so much what he was saying as they noticed the change that had been wrought in him. The fun-loving boy was now an eloquent, enthusiastic man. A few of them asked themselves if he would not forget all this when he began associating with former friends who were gradually drifting away from the Church.

The week after his return a homecoming party was given in his honor. The program, the games, the refreshments and at last the dancing were carried out successfully. The "fellows" were there in a body, dancing the latest steps, singing the newest songs, quite as they had done when he had been one of them. He told himself, as he glided across the floor with Allie in his arms, that those things didn't really matter, the boys' hearts were all right.

"I'm so glad you are home," Allie said, softly. "It doesn't seem like any time since you went away—now that you are back."

"Doesn't it? I'm mighty happy to be back with you all." He looked into her adoring eyes, and thought: "It will be better if I marry her and settle down; I'll never feel quite the same with the old crowd—I don't want to." He deliberated in his mind how he should ask her. He would have to be very gentle, gentle and humble, so that she would not notice the lack of pulsating fervor that he had always felt would go with real love when it came. No, this would not quite be as he had dreamed it, but she must never know. He would make up to her in many ways; he would give her everything that a man could give a woman—except that something, that fire which he felt should be the foundation of love.

His arm tightened ever so slightly about her waist as he bent his head to murmur: "Allie there is something I want to say to you—can we slip out for a few moments?"

She looked at him questioningly, "Why, yes, I suppose we could." And the color flooded her cheeks.

They walked out into the cool, moonlit September night. The world was strangely silent except for the strains of dance music which came, as though from a long distance, to their ears. The gaily colored trees swayed softly beneath the glow of the copper, autumn moon, like maidens in bright dresses. It was a perfect night for love, romance. They sat down upon a nearby bench, and as he looked into her eager, upturned face a sudden pain of loneliness or longing shot through his heart. He put his hands on her shoulders, very gently.

"I'm not nearly good enough for you," he began humbly. "I'm almost frightened when I am with you—but, I—I've been planning for two years to ask you something—Allie, will you marry me?"

She raised her hand to his cheek and whispered, "If you really love me, Charles, and want me, I will."

He took her in his arms and pressed his lips against her hair. She drew back ever so slightly with a little half laugh, half sob catching in her throat, then yielded to his embrace. His lips found hers for a brief kiss, after which there was a reverent silence, neither of them finding words. After a while he murmured huskily: "You won't be sorry, dear, will you?" She laughed softly, "Oh, I'm sure I won't, Charles, I've always loved you, and

your mission has made you a finer man."

"It did wonders for me, Allie. There's one thing especially I shall never forget. I only made one convert that I know of, but bringing the truth to her hungry soul more than repaid me for going. I'll never forget the night we baptized her. It was a windy, cold night when we started for the river. We walked nearly three miles to reach it, to find that the weather made it almost impossible to baptize her. However, she was determined not to postpone it, so we all knelt down in prayer and asked that we would be able to perform this sacred ordinance." He paused for a minute then went on solemnly, "Honestly, Allie, when we arose from our knees and went into the water there wasn't any wind. It was as though a voice had said, 'Peace be still.' Everything was as silent as the grave. Oh, it was wonderful, the sacredness of that night. I'll never, never forget that woman's face as she looked up at me and said: 'God bless you, my boy. I'll always remember you and what you have done for me. If ever I can do anything for you, I'll do it!' She died within three months after that. Funny, isn't it, that it should all seem like a dream now."

"Yes, and you must keep it real by carrying on. How thankful you should be for such an experience."

"I am thankful, and I want you near me always, so that it will be easy to carry on."

He kissed her again and they returned to the dance where one of the fellows introduced him to Viola Hemming, a small, blonde girl, who looked up at him with liquidly languid eyes and asked him teasingly where he'd been all his life. He laughed and felt unusually gay as he bantered back and forth with her.

* * *

Several weeks passed; it seemed to Charles that he was continuously thrown in contact with Viola, and, try as he would, he found himself strangely drawn by her cool sophistry. He knew it couldn't be love and yet she held a fascination for him that no other girl he had ever met had held. In spite of her modern way of talking, she was extremely feminine, and with her woman's skill she used her charm wisely. To counteract his desire for Vi he lavished attentions upon Allie, took her to church, to shows, to dances; was always gracious and kind to her, telling himself that he didn't really care at all for Vi and that he would forget easily. But in that peculiar way things have of getting around in a small town, word came to Allie that he was quite attentive to Vi. Allie only smiled, but one day she saw them walking up the street together and the expression in his face hurt her; she had never seen that look of adoration and joy in his eyes before. And suddenly she seemed to have known for a long time that his love for her was cold; though she had been so blinded by the fire of her own emotion that she had not realized it. She tried to tell herself that it was nonsense to think he could love anyone else when he was always so kind to her. Kind! As if that were enough!

Time passed, she knew he was seeing Vi and felt sure he loved her. She must give him up, gracefully, gladly even—for it would mean happiness to him. Out of the numbness of her heart a voice said, indignantly, "He isn't man enough to tell you—you ought to hate him." But another voice answered: "No, he's just a little boy, and I love him—love him—will always love him."

One night he came to see her and she knew instinctively that this was the end. A cozy fire burned on the hearth, the room was gleaming under its glowing lights and receding shadows. Her cheeks were flushed and she looked extremely lovely in the simple black frock she wore, with a soft lace collar against her throat. As she looked into

his eyes and saw the distressed expression there she wanted to take him in her arms. Oh, why did he seem such a little boy, so helpless, so in need of what she could give him?

When they were seated near the fire and had discussed all the generalities, there was an awkward silence after which he began, hesitatingly:

"Allie, there's something I have to tell you—I—"

She could not bear his confused perplexity. She restrained her tears and smiled, a pitiful little smile.

"It's all right, Charles," she said, "I know what it is, I've heard and you mustn't feel that you are obligated to me at all. We all change our minds—and—it's quite— all right. We can still be friends."

He dropped his locked hands between his knees and sat staring into the glowing fire, his face stricken and pale.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Allie. I didn't want it this way. Why, you've been the best, truest friend a fellow ever had. I wouldn't hurt you for the world—but—well, I just can't help it. You don't hate me do you?"

She patted his hand reassuringly, assuming a lightness of tone she did not feel.

"Charles, how could I hate you? Don't be foolish. Run along home now and if you ever need me, why, I'm the same old Allie."

"Listen," he said, quickly, "you can help me now. Hold me to my promise, it will be better for us all if you and I marry. I feel as though I was groping for something—I'm afraid—help me."

She arose. He had hurt her pride. "No," she told him, "there are times in our lives when no one can help us, some things we must face alone. Be honest to your true feelings and everything will be quite all right, I'm sure."

As he walked home he wished she had taken it any way but this, she was so brave, and it hurt him more than if she had wept or pleaded with him. But she would always be strong in the face of any issue, brave and calm and sweet. He felt he would always remember her, standing pale and beautiful, with the firelight caught in her dusky hair and soft-brown eyes. He felt like a child who wants two toys and has to make a choice between them.

The next evening he called on Vi, the exhilaration he should have felt at being able to go to her free was strangely lacking. His steps lagged. He entered the house only to find a possible rival before him. Vi introduced the two, "Charles, this is Aaron, an old friend of mine who may decide to stay in our town permanently."

The two shook hands with the constraint that two men feel when both are calling upon the same girl. Aaron was good looking in a flashy way; clever, boisterous, arrogant. Charles felt an immediate dislike for him and with difficulty forced himself to laugh at his cheap jokes. After a time, however, the stranger arose to go, "Well, folks," he drawled, stretching himself lazily, "I s'pose I'll have to let you miss me. I must toddle on. Give me my hat, will you, Vi?"

She gave him his hat and accompanied him through the door to the porch, pulling the door after her as she went out. Charles, though irritated, told himself that it was all right. Several moments passed and a gust of winter wind blew the door ajar and he could not help seeing the two in each other's arms—kissing. He turned his head, his whole being sick with a sudden nausea. Vi broke away from the embrace and hurriedly stepped into the house, never guessing he had seen.

She was flushed and smiling as she dropped her thinly clad body on the couch beside him and raised her eyes. She could not miss the anguish in his face.

"What's the matter, big boy?" she asked softly, "Tell Vi."

"Nothing," he evaded, "nothing."

"Yes, there is. Tell me." She

slipped her warm little hand into his, but received no answering pressure from his.

"Well, I've broken with Allie," he told her, doggedly.

Her laugh rang through the room, "Surely I wouldn't let a little thing like that worry me. I suppose the saintly one put up quite a battle."

"No, she did not," he exclaimed, almost angrily, "Allie's not that type."

The girl was wise enough to know that she was using the wrong method, so she changed instantly. "I'm sorry," she murmured, pressing his hand again, this time his fingers clung to hers.

"Oh, Vi, he muttered, "let's get married, soon, I'm so darned wretched."

He took her in his arms and she lifted expectant lips to his. While he was kissing her he kept remembering that she had kissed Aaron also, he imagined that her lips were still warm from that contact.

When he released her she smiled a little petulantly.

"I'm sorry, darling, but I don't want to get married."

"You mean," he questioned, "not now?"

"I mean, not for a long, long time."

"Then you don't love me?" incredulously.

"Of course I love you, but not like that."

He looked at her unbelievingly, as though he were seeing her for the first time. "You mean," he demanded hotly, "that you love me just the same as you do your friend Aaron, for our kisses?"

"Leave my friend Aaron out of this, please."

He laughed bitterly, "I might have known. Well, you accomplished what you wanted to, I hope you are satisfied."

He wanted to tell her that she was not worthy to live in the same town with the "saintly one," but good manners closed his lips.

They parted in silence, she with a shrug of the shoulders, he with no backward look for her who had been the cause of his sacrificing so much. He rushed out into the night, blinded by angry tears; hurt, consumed with shame, anger and regret. What did anything matter now? He had lost Allie forever for this—this mockery. He deliberately turned his footsteps to the center of town where he knew he would find the fellows.

For several weeks following that he dissipated his strength, trying to forget. At first he wouldn't drink with the boys; he continued with his Church duties but he seemed like one walking in a dream and gradually he slackened in his attendance, began taking a drink now and then to be sociable. He told himself he was happy, was having a good time, but his heart knew it was not true. One night he and some others were standing on the usual street corner; they had had a drink or two. Allie passed and spoke to him, but there was an expression of infinite pity and disgust in her face. It was as if she, with that look, had turned a blinding light upon him and he was able to see himself as he must look to her—as he really must be. "Allie—" he said to himself, "Allie—so good, so sure of the way—and I —lost." The words kept torturing his mind, "Lost—lost—" He left the crowd and went home. When he reached his room he sat on the bed and stared unseeingly into space; a dry, tearless sob tearing through his body.

"I'm lost," he cried, in a frightened voice, "lost—in all the world there is no one who really cares, not in ten worlds, no one to help me—God, in heaven, forgive me." He threw himself on his knees and wept convulsively, as a child weeps.

It was very dark in the room, dark on all sides of him, and to his pounding senses the darkness seemed permeated with loud, raucous noises, like the moan of the wind on stormy

nights. The darkness was broken in one small spot and light was filtering through; slowly like sunlight filters through the crevice in a rock. He was sure he could see someone in the light, coming toward him. And then there was a great silence, a peaceful silence, and a voice said:

"God bless you, my boy." It was a familiar but startling voice.

"Who are you?" he asked tremulously.

The voice answered, softly, tenderly, "Once I was in darkness and you were in the light and you came to me and shared your peace; you gave me of your light and I was lifted up where I could see and understand the truth, and know the mercy of God's ways. Look up, my boy! You are not lost, you have just wandered a little, blindly. You are not weak, your two young arms lifted me easily from the deep water; the strength of your faith made all the elements of the earth and sea stand still—reach up to the light—be true! God will help you as you helped me. He loves you and wants you to win."

He arose in a stupor, switched on the lights. He ran his hands across his eyes. He was trembling and yet peace and joy were in his heart. No, he was not weak, he was strong! He was not afraid. He would fight the fight alone. Alone—yet not alone.

The following Sunday night he went to Church. He knew the hardest part of the fight would be getting his feet back once more in the right way. He was humble and ashamed and expected to be treated as an outcast, but everyone was very kind, welcomed him as the proverbial prodigal son must have been welcomed back to the fold. Perhaps these kind people understood, too, that he had just wandered a little, blindly.

But Allie in her position at the organ, seemed unattainable and distant and beautiful as a dream. He did not dare ask to accompany her home, even when he saw her leave a group of friends and start homeward alone. But he did dare walk a short distance behind her, unnoticed. They walked from the center of town to the side streets which were dark. He seemed suddenly afraid that something might happen to her. She did not seem so strong, so self-reliant as he had thought she was; tonight at the organ she had looked pale and sad. Oh, if he could only hope to live to be worthy of having her love him again, for he was quite sure that whatever love she had felt was long since dead.

It must have been a kind and benevolent fate that contrived to let things happen as they did, for she had walked that way many times alone and nothing unusual had happened. But as Charles came behind her several feet and turned a corner he saw her caught in the arms of a large, familiar figure. He did not wait to think, but rushed forward like some animal who springs to protect a loved one, and with a terrific blow sent her assailant to the ground.

"Charles!" Allie cried, a trembling note of joy in her voice.

He took her gently, unresistingly in his arms. "Oh, Allie—you mustn't ever walk alone again—I'll never let you be alone—ever—Oh, sweetheart, I love you so."

Her cheek was wet against his strong shoulder. He kissed her tears away, buried his face in the soft loveliness of her hair; she seemed suddenly very frail and helpless and sweet. And she needed him. He was whispering again those old, ever new words, "I love you, love you,—love you." He was sure now that he loved her with that perfect love that a man can feel only for a good woman.

So absorbed were they that neither of them noticed the drunken form of his one-time rival, Aaron, rise and stagger away from them.

In the Death Grip of a Grizzly

By Carter E. Grant, Principal of the Jordan Seminary

[This is the first of a series of frontier stories. As the author is a student of Western history, having majored in that subject at college, and during the past two years has written the Church History Leaflets for the Sunday Schools, he should possess a historical background from which he can draw in dramatic style true pioneer stories both edifying and interesting.—*The Editors.*]

"To some such land the famished hunter seeks in fever-dreams of coolness."—*Neihardt.*

Our story opens in the wilds of Wyoming, south-east of what is now the famous Yellowstone Park, in 1823, when the wonders of that region were unknown even to the most daring trappers. One will readily see that this was the very same year in which Joseph Smith the Prophet, then but seventeen years old, first saw the golden records in the Hill Cumorah, in the far-off State of New York. It is a noteworthy coincidence that, while Joseph, under divine direction, was preparing to establish the Church in the East, out on the extreme western frontier of our country Jedediah Strong Smith, as daring and intrepid a young trapper as ever "broke trail," should be seeking, at the head of the Big Horn, a gateway into the Rocky Mountains, even an overland route to the "Inland Sea," a sea like the National Park, as yet to be discovered. As one looks back, it hardly seems credible that St. Louis, a hundred years ago, was standing on the extreme western border of the United States.

In the closing days of September, 1823, sixteen hardy men, with twice that many horses and pack animals, sallied forth in true mountaineer fashion from Fort Henry on the Yellowstone river. Thomas Fitzpatrick and the young, fearless, twenty-three year old Jed Smith were in command. By permission, they had broken loose from the Henry-Ashley trappers and were beginning a long hunting and exploring trip on their own account. Southward day after day up the Big Horn they pushed, and now they were on the Powder river. Of beaver being plentiful they write:

"Traps set in the evening generally yielded satisfactory returns in the morning; and the better part of each afternoon was spent in skinning the catch and preparing the pelts."

Here, indeed, was the life young Jed had dreamed of! It was not without its perils, for within the past year Smith had barely escaped death when many of his companions had fallen by the hands of the Ree Indians, then following the massacre, he and a lone friend, Baptiste, a French-Canadian, had made their way some two hundred miles to Fort Henry for assistance. Now, however, as the trappers rode forth into the friendly Crow country, "they feared no evil," although it lurked unseen on every side.

Already the western Indian summer began hanging hazily about, and autumn with all its golden glory flooded this vast domain. Youth and adventure and the daily hankering for the unknown always lying just beyond the ridges, urged them ever deeper into the wilderness. The venison steaks, the smell of spruce and pine, the roar of the water, the refreshing nights, and a hundred other delights gave a buoyancy to every step.

Already Jedediah had accepted his nickname, "the Christian trapper." It was said that "he carried his Bible in one hand and his rifle in the other." Let that be as it may, he was the only one who could make a speech or offer a prayer over the remains of their young friend, John Gardner, killed by the Rees. We have old Hugh Glass's word for it, in a quaint letter dispatched by him down the Missouri to the dead man's relatives, that "Mr. Smith, a young man of the company, made a powerful prayr [his way of

spelling] which moved us all greatly, and I am persuaded John died in peace." (*South Dakota Historical Collections*, Vol. 1.)

Smith had been half reared for the ministry. Cardinal Goodwin in *The Trans Mississippi West*, says, "This Christian and soldier whose Bible and rifle were inseparable companions and who never permitted the mild teachings of the former to diminish in any way the vigor with which he used the latter, was a 'Pathfinder' whose explorations have not been sufficiently recognized. To a greater extent than the majority of men, he loved the adventure which comes from exploring unknown territory. The call of the 'New West' was in his blood. He spent at least ten years of his life visiting its valleys, following its streams, climbing its mountains and penetrating the solitudes of its desert wastes—and was finally killed by the Comanche Indians." After being shot down by their arrows, he was scalped.

In 1823 there was no "Oregon Trail." All traffic to the mountains left St. Louis by row boat or keel boat, pulled by a long cord either by horses or the trappers themselves. Smith had been six months going from St. Louis to the "Dakotas," sixteen hundred miles, and another six months coming southward around the great horseshoe-bend, back to a place almost west from the beginning. The Missouri at this time was the only western highway known, even to the trappers.

At this point on the Powder river, we are told that, "For a week the party kept together; then Smith, with five men, struck out westward, while Fitzpatrick, with the balance of the trappers, kept on up the valley, hoping to fall in with the friendly Crow Nation on its fall buffalo hunt in the region between the head waters of the Powder and the north fork of the Platte. Smith was to explore the country westward, trapping on the upper reaches of the Tongue and Rosebud as he went, and meet Fitzpatrick, returning by way of the Big Horn, whence the united bands should proceed to winter quarters on the Yellowstone."

For several days Smith and his men worked slowly up a small tributary stream that came down from the divide between the Powder and the Tongue. Hunting was good. Then one evening Jed met with an accident that seemed likely suddenly to end his dreams of the mysteries beyond the mountains. On the bank of the young river, half deafened by the roar of turbulent waters, he had been setting a beaver trap, when all of a sudden a huge, hairy form towered above him, growling as it made the attack. Like a flash, Jed whipped out his long hunting knife and as he plunged it into the body of his antagonist, things happened quickly and the man remembered no more.

"There followed a period of torturing dreams," says Jed, "and when I awoke it was night, and I was lying beside a fire with shadowy comrades leaning over me. There was a roaring ache in my head and at intervals a stabbing shot through my left hip." His thigh had been badly mangled and he was in a fair way to be "rubbed out" when his comrades, who were setting traps close by, rushed upon the scene and finished the bear, but not before it had struck Jed upon the head and hip. A moment later, and no rescuers could have saved Smith, for the bear was furious from the gaping wound made by the hunter's knife.

At Jed's first signs of consciousness, the trappers huddled about, consoling him as best they could, for all had prophesied an early death, but they set about to make their leader as comfortable as possible They knew, if he lived, weeks must elapse ere that leg could become of real use.

Smith's five companions sat about the fire in council. All, even to the sick man, sensed the seriousness of the situation. He learned that with the approaching daylight, three of the men would strike across the country wilderness in pursuit of Fitzpatrick,

who was, no one knew just where; while the other two should remain to care for him and spend the shortening fall days in collecting beaver pelts. Jed does not inform us how many days passed nor does he name the stream. He adds, "There seemed to be nothing of immediate fear, I felt myself slowly gaining strength, with the gashes across my scalp and cheek gradually closing, but my leg, as yet, wouldn't bear moving without the most agonizing and torturing pains.

"The men nevertheless were doing mighty well at the traps, clearing the stream above and below camp. The Rees and Blackfeet were far away to the northeast and the Gros Ventres, the most to be feared, were doubtless seeking winter buffalo meat on the plains of the Missouri. Fresh meat for our needs was plentiful, for deer and antelope abounded in the broken country around about."

Still he does not fail to add that his wounds "throbbed on in a painful manner." Time passed and Jed's companions were using their horses on the longer excursions. The first fall storm came and went, leaving the distant peaks white with sure signs of approaching winter.

One evening after Smith's companions had strolled up the creek afoot, leaving the three horses staked near camp, a dozen shots rang out in quick succession, followed by a chorus of wild cries. The Indians were upon them. Interpreting the full meaning of the horrible massacre, the sick man quickly seized his gun, ammunition, and hunting knife and, groaning with the excruciating pain, dragged his wounded body into the edge of an underbrush thicket, where breathlessly he awaited the outcome. A moment later a group of mounted Indians, in full war attire, came cantering into view, but seeing the camp and three grazing horses, they halted a moment, and then hurried forward chattering excitedly in a tongue altogether new to Smith. Surmising that another party was somewhere about, they began peering around, poking their guns into the brush so near the white man, that had they not worked in confusion Jed's pains would have soon ended. Helping themselves to the camp equipment, the blankets and tepee, loading all upon the three horses, they were off down the canyon. Jed's last hope for the safety of his companions was gone, for he had seen tied to the belt of an Indian two dripping scalps, the hair of which, he recognized only too well.

As the hours passed, Smith lay in the cold as sick at heart as his wounds were painful. At last out through the darkness he crawled, hoping and praying that the pilferers had missed a blanket or skin upon which his chilled form might rest. "Oh, curse them," he muttered as he sank in despair upon the dead ashes of the camp fire. With his hands he made the fireplace into a sort of underblanket, then pulling together a few dry twigs and bark, he made ready for a fire. Yes, he had flint and steel; but as he looked into the blackness, he decided it would be unsafe. As night wore on, the cold became unbearable. Then, too, the sickening thought of his two slain companions haunted him. How soon would his body be as helpless as theirs he wondered. Hope, however, lit his soul a bit as he thought of Fitzpatrick, but would he return in time? "How many days under these conditions will I be able to hang out?" he questioned himself. "Why fear death at the hands of the savages when, possibly after many days and long weary nights, I shall meet it slowly and feebly, alone." Several hours dragged forward and from weariness he slept. Once more he was a boy again, back in Ohio. There was his mother, his brothers and sisters; now he was at the wharf, ready to leave home, he heard the riffling of the water; felt the warm, fond embrace of his mother, even saw the tears upon her cheeks, then he was awake on his cold bed in the Rockies, staring out into the blackness of the vast unknown.

Growing desperately cold and numb

and half stupid from pain and bewilderment, he reached again for his flint and steel; a spark! a glow, and a blaze, and soon a cheerful fire warmed him. Toward morning, the warmth having eased his suffering considerably, the old courage and resolution began to return. Hope filled his soul; he would still trust, yes, pray and have faith. The blood of a true Christian surged in his veins. His hand went to his bosom. "Thank God, I have it!" and he drew forth his little leather-bound Bible. As he opened it, several worn clippings fell to the ground. Carefully folding each, he started replacing them, when he saw the name Napoleon. "What would Napoleon have done under these conditions?" In the flickering firelight he read Napoleon's favorite saying, words expressing the conqueror's admiration for Christ. After comparing Christ with himself and with heroes of antiquity, Napoleon continued:

"I think I understand somewhat of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man, but not one is like him; Jesus Christ was more than a man. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force! Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for him. Here lies the Book of Books upon the table (touching it reverently); I do not tire of reading it, and do so daily with equal pleasure. The soul, charmed with the beauty of the Gospel, is no longer its own: God possesses it entirely: he directs its thoughts and faculties; it is his. What proof of the divinity of Jesus Christ—he incorporates into himself, not a nation, but the whole human race!" (*Bertrand's Memoirs*. Paris.)

Replacing the clippings, Jed strove to read the fine Bible print by the dancing light, and his memory supplied what he could not follow with his eyes. How peculiar that he should open to such a passage, "He is chastened, also with pain upon his bed. Yea his soul draweth near the grave. and his life to the destroyers—his flesh shall be fresher than a child's; he shall return to the days of his youth. He shall pray unto God and He will be favorable unto him." Stirring up the fire a bit, he continued, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

The troubled man sank back upon his bed of ashes. "Why should I withhold my love toward my Savior? Is it not a proof that I of myself deny him? 'I am heavy laden,' I will return. He then thanked God he was alive, that even in this vast solitude he could pray. And pray he did and felt better. He even thanked God for his rifle, knife, flint and steel, and what he prized much more, the well worn copy of the scriptures.

How long he lay thinking or when he fell into a deep sleep, he could not tell, but when he opened his heavy eyes, staring about on every side, a new day had crept forth and the slanting sun shed its hopefulness upon him. Placing his cold hands upon his fevered brow, he lay trying to collect his confused thoughts. His fire had long since died; but what seemed worse, the spark of hope within him seemed sinking. Determinedly he turned his stiffened joints a bit and soon had a fire going. After the warmth and a careful leg massage, he found he could pull himself about a bit, with some of his pain disappearing.

He records that the old sustaining faith came back like a revelation. "I knew that God was in the world as much as ever and would provide. Not many rods away was the stream, and feeling feverish and terribly gaunt, I was soon slowly pulling myself toward its sparkling waters. My hun-

ger, though, would not be fooled forever; for in the early afternoon I actually felt weakness coming on, and no longer could move with the ease of morning. My leg, too, having been jolted more than usual, kept me in no contented frame of mind. All of a sudden a new hope burst upon me. 'The traps, and possibly beaver!' I half spoke the words aloud. As I started slowly up the creek, over rocks and fallen stumps, I lay still at times, reckoning the cost, but knowing what it might prove without this effort, I carefully moved forward, keeping a sharp lookout for traps. The first was empty. The second also. Appalled at the pain my venture was giving me and nursing not the slightest forebodings for the oncoming night, I lay and rested, while the dampness of the sodden ground chilled me."

At length, he says, prayer strengthened him and he reached the third trap, which to his joy contained a beaver, "But it was an hour before I succeeded in bringing it to shore with a forked branch cut from the brush."

The sun had winged its way westward into a mist that hung above the Wind River Range, before his beaver meal was over. Then feeling more strengthened and hopeful, he began preparations for another long night, which with a fire was with lessened torture than the night previous. However, the second day and the third he was compelled to fast, as his painful trips up the creek brought no returns. "Game," he writes, seemed suddenly to have deserted the region." At least it appeared so to the sick man. "On the third night, I lay by the fire and again turned to the Bible for aid, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. * * The Lord shall preserve thee from evil." Amen, he said reverently, and turning the leaves to Job began, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." "His archers compass me round about. * * My face is foul with weeping, and on my eyelids is the shadow of death. * * I shall go the way whence I shall not return * * the graves are ready for me."

"No, no,!" exclaimed Jed, "I am not Job. My request is not to die, but to live!" and he turned the leaves again, reading, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. * * Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. * * Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." For a long time Smith lay gazing thoughtfully into the flickering campfire, then thinking of the Bible again he repeated, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

In the early morning of the fourth day of fasting and prayer he says, "I awakened suddenly and rubbed my eyes. Whether I saw or dreamed I was not at first sure. A fine large buck within easy rifle shot was standing broadside, quietly drinking from the stream. My ever ready gun being at my side, I managed to turn myself without lifting my body to be seen; taking aim I found myself trembling with anxiety, and I feared to press the trigger. Just then the animal raised his head high in the air. I waited not a second, but calmed myself. At the roar of my gun, it gave a mighty leap and toppled over, floundering in the grass and mud at the water's edge. That morning I lay and praised God as I toasted my first meal for three full days.

"At the close of this feast, feeling somewhat encouraged, I dragged myself up the torturing slope of a nearby hillock, and lay searching the empty distances until my eyes and head ached and the shades of night began darkening the creek bottom. Nothing alive appeared but a flock of crows wheeling and circling above the woods where my two companions lay. With a last look for horsemen, I turned

campward, praying as I crawled, for the thought of God ever helped my lonesomeness."

After three days feasting from the flesh of the buck, Smith found the meat going putrid, and at last the anxious crows were allowed to swoop down upon it, stripping its bones clean. When the large, hooked-beaked, black things returned the next morning, circling above camp, Jed wondered as he watched if the vultures were actually growing impatient. hanging around for a chance at him.

Two more days and nights passed without food, yet each day he pulled himself to the hilltop, scanning the broken country in all directions. On the third day as he watched, there came out of a ravine about a half mile distant a large herd of antelope. Hour after hour they quietly fed just out of range. Then they began working nearer, but disappeared in a hollow. The next day, because of weakness, he made no attempt at climbing out of the creek bottom, and somehow, too, he seemed to pray with less assurance. That night his usual fire failed to warm him. The damp mountain breeze brought on chill after chill. For the first time in many nights his mind wandered. With startling clearness he was back home once more.

But Jed's iron will, even though encased in a broken body, had not been subdued. With the light of another day, he aroused himself with an effort. He must hang out.

What was that! Sure enough, three deer were coming down the slope to the creek. Again he took aim, but the sights danced giddily: he seemed not to see plainly. "Bang." A splash of water told how faltering had been his aim. With a bound the frightened deer broke off through the brush. Weary and exhausted he again lay upon his bed of twigs and ashes. Was he being mocked? Why had he missed?

The sharp pains in his leg again made him build a fire. Heat seemed his only solace. Always it cheered him and brought feelings of hope. In spite of it all, he turned to the Bible and read from Job, "Man that is born of woman is of few days, he cometh forth like a flower and is cut down." Brokenly, he questioned, "Does the 'Good Book' also mock me? Why should the pages always fly open to Job?"

He opened to the New Testament, "For to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Turning to James he continued reading: "But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed."

That day and another night came and went. The sick man had hardly moved from his bed of ashes. The next morning the glorious sun sent its rays across the dew-soaked mountain vastness. A flock of crows larger than usual wheeled and circled as if waiting impatiently beyond scheduled time. A mountain rat repeatedly sallied forth, quietly viewing things about camp.

At that moment there came riding into the scene three scouts, Jed's messenger friends, followed, not by Fitzpatrick, but Colonel Keemle with his band of brave trappers. Not even the tramping of the horses aroused the unfortunate Jed. The men stopped at the clearing, surveying the blanketless man and the deserted camp. At the crack of a twig beneath one of the horse's feet, the sick man roused himself, and not until his former comrades were leaning over him, could he really sense that at last his prayers had been answered.

By securing a blanket across two poles, the ends of which were fastened to the pack saddles of two of the more docile horses, a litter was made for Jed, whose wounds, despite his lack of food, had healed sufficiently to admit of travel. A few days later Fitzpatrick and his men joined the company.

How Jed's soul warmed though as he listened to the following: "A Crow chief told me," began Fitzpatrick, "how by following up the Sweetwater which flows eastward into the

north fork of the Platte, a great break in the Wind River mountains is found, through which we can enter into the very midst of the Rockies as easily as over an open prairie trail and follow down to the 'Siskadee Agi' or Sage Hen river [later called the Green river], and so plentiful are the beaver yonder, said the Crow chief, that traps are not needed, because one can knock them over with a club." (Article by Saltare, *St. Louis Weekly Reveille*, March, 1847, published the very year the Pioneers came through this South Pass and over the Green river).

Later we shall read more about Jed, his recovery and trail-breaking trips to the Salt Lake Valley, some twenty-two years in advance of the "Mormon Scouts" under President Young. Then, also, we shall read of the Comanche Indians and Jed's fatal experiences with them.

Our Practical Religion

By Ernest Smith, Student at the B. Y. U.

Are we interested most in the present, future, or past? Are we interested in the mysteries and obscure things of life, or in the plain things applicable in the daily routine of the common man? Is our religion for the mass of people or for the learned few?

Certainly, we are interested in the past, not for the past itself, but for the added light gained to help us in enjoying the present. The past fully analyzed is a most complete set of experiments on the most interesting and most vital problem—life—what it is, and how to use it.

Are we interested in the future? Yes, in our individual future and in the future of the race. But we do not think of the future as being more important than the present only in the quantitative side. We do not think that we should sacrifice the present for the future, but that future happiness and joy varies with present true happiness. We look upon this life as a stepping stone to greater progress; not as a necessary evil.

We are interested in the mysteries and obscure things of life, because we believe that all things can be explained by natural laws, although those laws may not be known as yet to man. We believe that it is desirable to understand life. An axiom of the Church is "The Glory of God is Intelligence." True, it is good to be able to understand those deep things, but one should not bother oneself with such matters and forget the plain, simple doctrine that is directly applicable in the life of man.

Religion is not alone for a learned few, but it is for all men—a means of leading them, in a more highly developed state, back into the presence and glory of God.

"Mormonism" is a practical religion. What economist has worked out as good a plan for economic equality of man as the plan "The Law of Consecration" provides? And what would be as good a test to see if one would be able to live under such conditions without infringing upon the rights of others as an attempt to live according to the Gospel of Christ?

Could a student of sociology, without the help of God, state in such simple and comprehensive terms what the ideals of man should be, as are stated in the thirteenth Article of Faith? Barring only the "Fruits of Mormonism," it offers the best proof that "Mormonism" is a practical religion.

"We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul,—We believe all things, we hope all things, we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report or praiseworthy, we seek after these things."

The Call of Youth

By Clara Horne Park

The river Woe, with noiseless tread,
On bold Destruction's errand sped,
And with alluring, sinuous grace,
Enticed the youth of every race
To follow down its rose-strewn way,
And give their lives to pleasures gay.

Another pathway, marked by stone,
Led up from Woe to heights unknown,
Where, as a beacon, clear and bright,
Shone Truth's divine, inspiring light;
To guide the earnest-minded youth
Who passed Temptation, seeking Truth.

A Youth stood on the brink of Woe,
Not knowing just which way to go—
Adown the river surged a crowd,
With voices calling clear and loud;
"Come join our song! Come sing our lay!
We live and laugh and love, today!"

Temptation urged, "We'll join them, friend,
I have a thousand francs to spend."
Then with persuasion whispered he,
"I know the way, come follow me,
Together we will drift along
And join this singing, joyous throng.
Their way is t'ward the City Bliss,
You'd give your soul, they say, for this."

The Youth turned eyes of beauty keen
Upon the grandeur of the scene,
And longing filled his youthful heart
Of that mad throng to be a part.

One step toward eternal woe,—
Temptation bade him onward go:
But by his side a friend in need
Cried, "Do not thus the Tempter heed,
For his real plan you'll never know
Until disgraced by those below.
Then, Youth, alas, 'twill be too late
To seek for Heaven's redeeming gate.
For sin and mock'ry enter not
The sacred realm of Heaven's plot."

Thus Truth endeavored to restrain
And save a soul from grief and pain.

Youth looked once more upon the throng,
In beauty's dress, with mirthful song.
He stood irresolute, forlorn,—
He visioned beauty yet unborn
To his young inexperienced eye.
"I cannot let this chance pass by
To taste the joy of Life," quoth he,
"Do thou come, Truth, along with me."

But Truth of Wisdom was a part
And followed not a wav'ring heart.
"I have a greater work to do,
And I have need, O Youth, of you."
But Youth heard not,—his eyes had seen,—
His senses revelled in a dream.

He saw himself a leader proud,
A King amongst that reckless crowd!
He'd go their way, of Life he'd learn,
And when he'd seen enough, he'd turn
And bring them back, yes, every one,
To where their journey had begun,
For Truth there waiting still would be
To guide them through Eternity.

Temptation, smiling, led the way
To join the crowd of singers gay.

Youth neared the throng, his head erect,
For he must seem of the elect,—
To show them all a King he'd make
If they would but his guidance take.
But what was that? A woman sank
Upon the rose-strewn river bank.

It seemed to Youth the crowd should wait,—
But what cared they to know her fate!
Some turned and threw a mocking kiss,
"We'll meet you at the City Bliss."

She waved away Youth's proffered aid.
"Where wert thou going, Youth?" She laid
A withered hand upon his own,
While from her lips escaped a moan.
"You're not of us, your soul is free
To choose your path. You must leave me,
For I no longer care to go
And join the crowd in Bliss below."

"Come thou with me," Youth grandly said.
"Nay, I am numbered with the dead."

The face she lifted to his own.
Was one where beauty once had shone;
But now the haggard, wasted look
Of sin and suff'ring, he mistook
For age. The call of Death was there,—
The hopelessness of deep despair.
Fast sinking in Woe's seething tide,
With hands outstretched to Youth, she cried,
"If thou, O Youth, dost heed the call
Of him, the Tempter, thou wilt fall
As I have done, and never rise
To heights of Glory. Be thou wise,—
Go back to Truth, thou still art free,
Go back! Or thou wilt be like me."

Temptation lingered, urging, "Son,
Our way to Bliss has just begun."
And pointed to the heedless crowd
Far down Woe's course; with voices loud,
Still mocking, jesting on they went,
As though on demon's errand bent.

He saw once more the City Bliss—
A tawdry shell! "Would I for this
My soul forsake, my freedom give?
My everlasting chance to live,
Achieve and love my fellow-men?
If I do this, what have I then?"

Youth drew his eyes away from Sin,
And turned, to see a light begin
To glow upon the woman's face.
Her form now clothed with beauty's grace
Was standing by his side, alight
With beauty dazzling to his sight.
Youth recognized the soul within,—

"O Truth," he cried, "how near to Sin
I came. And but for thee I'd now
At cruel Temptation's alter bow!"

Truth smiled and pointed to the light.
"Do thou, O Youth, keep that in sight,
Let Truth and Wisdom guide thy way—
They lead to Everlasting Day."

Crosses

Christ carried His cross to Calvary,
With his body bended, aching, sore.
He sipped the gall, the thistles wore;
For a sinning world the pain He bore.
When He carried His cross to Calvary.

We'll carry a cross to Calvary,
But because of pain the Master stood,
Ours may be fashioned of lighter wood.
He took the heavy one for man's good.
When He carried His cross to Calvary.

But many that go toward Calvary
Are not content with the cross of old.
They want one fashioned out of gold.
But, oh, it will cut and be hard to hold
As they journey on to Calvary.

Holliday, Utah HELEN M. LIVINGSTON

Messages from the Missions

Centenary Celebration Held in Switzerland

As this year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the Priesthood to the earth, it has been the special purpose of all conferences held in the various districts of the Swiss and German Mission to stress the importance of this great event. The elaborate program undertaken for the occasion reached its climax on the 18th, 19th and 20th of May, when a great celebration was held in Zurich for all members and friends in the three Swiss districts. As the pentecostal holidays offered a very favorable opportunity for carrying out the project on a large scale, the regular semi-

Missionaries in Attendance at the Swiss-German Celebration

Front row, left to right: Edwin H. Calder, mission superintendent of Sunday Schools and M. I. A. organizations; Wm. A. McClellan, L. Garrett Myers, mission secretary, Lilly Weiersmuller, President Fred Tadje of the Swiss and German mission; Eliza W. Tadje, Juliane Lassig, Reed G. Probst, president of the Zurich district; Elmer T. Houston. Second row: Richard Stratford, Clyde Randall, L. Marcus Jensen, president of the Basel district; Ervine F. Smith, John R. Schaerrer, Max Zimmer, editor of mission publications; T. Bowring Woodbury, A. H. Bagley, Alma Huber, Walter M. Horne, W. Miles Burgess, president of the Stuttgart district. Third row: Murray Mathis, Douglas B. Cutler, president of the Bern district; C. M. Stutznegger, B. M. Victor Goold, Jr., Samuel Keiser, Harold H. Frederick, Willard H. Dursteller, Z. Doyle Roundy, George J. Ross, president of the Frankfurt district. Back row: Irvine O. Lindquist, Geo. B. Alder, Arnold Blauer, Abraham Bargaehr, Arthur B. Morgenegg, Adolf Gysler, Henry P. Fetzer, Gottfried Bartlome, Walter Arm, Wayne J. Anderson, G. Chas. Liebelt.

annual conference of the Zurich district was scheduled to be held on that date in connection with the Priesthood celebration. The officers and teachers, together with the members of the various committees, labored diligently and succeeded in making it the greatest event in the history of the Church in this land.

An extremely interesting pageant, depicting the events preceding and subsequent to the restoration of the Priesthood, was presented and appropriate speeches were made. The rendition of the oratorio, "The Vision," by the combined choirs of the Basel and Zurich branches contributed much to the success of the occasion. The visitors included President Fred Tadje, of the Swiss and German Mission, Eliza W. Tadje, Pres. of Relief Societies and Bee-Hive work; Edwin H. Calder, general superintendent of the auxiliary organizations, Max Zimmer, editor of the mission publications, and L. Garrett Myers, mission secretary. Over 2,600 people attended the meetings, including a number of members from neighboring German cities and thirty-five missionaries from Switzerland and parts of Germany.

The conference was given a great deal of publicity and many friends were present. Favorable comments by the press and the enthusiastic work of those who were in attendance will doubtless result in allaying much of the existing prejudice against the "Mormons."

The Bee-Hive girls furnished the greater part of the entertainment at the celebration and assisted in caring for the visitors.

The Boy Scouts of the Zurich and Bern districts rendered efficient service at the depot, the meeting hall, and helped to make the affair a success.

—*Walter M. Horne.*

President Widtsoe's Visit to the French Mission

During the latter part of March and the month of April the French mission has profited greatly by having a member of the Council of the Twelve and his family as guests. Pres. John A. Widtsoe and party have just finished a tour of branches of our mission for the purpose of encouraging and stimulating the members and friends here.

The French mission comprises all of France and Belgium and the French-speaking part of Switzerland. It has in its confines three peoples who, although they speak the same tongue, are nevertheless racially and temperamentally different. This necessitates distinct and varied Gospel approaches.

President and Sister Widtsoe, accompanied by President Christensen of the French mission, made their first visit to the Paris branch. This branch is one of the youngest in our mission, having been opened only a little more than a year. The work, however, is progressing in this great cosmopolitan city. Many attentive people were present at this meeting. While Paris and high life have been made synonymous terms the world over our experience has shown us that for a large percentage of the people this reputation is greatly exaggerated.

The Lyon district, situated in the center of the great silk industry of France, was next visited. Successful meetings were held in Lyon, which is the third largest city of France; in Grenoble, the scenic center of the French Alps; and in Ste Etienne, famous for its mines and manufacturing. In these cities Pres. Widtsoe's forceful explanations of "Mormonism" won many investigators for the Church.

In picturesque Southern France, noted for its ancient Roman ruins, interesting meetings were held. At Nimes, Marseille and Montpellier, many people gathered to hear the addresses of the visitors, especially at Montpellier, where there was a crowd of over three hundred persons present. The missionaries of the Lyon, Swiss

MISSIONARIES IN FRANCE

Back row, left to right: Hansen, Brockbank, Emmet Berrett, Barker, Rands, Thalman, Bodily, Ross and Moser. Second row: Nibley, Hathcock, Clark, Hart, Blood, Thomson, Knight, Griffin, Holt (president Lyon district), Silver (President Marseille district), and Homer (president of Swiss district). Seated: Evans (secretary European missions), Sister Widtsoe, President Widtsoe, President A. O. Christensen, Sister Babcock, C. O. Lees (superintendent French mission) and Bertoch (secretary French mission). On floor: Martin, Widtsoe and Johnson, missionaries of Lyon, Swiss and Marseille districts at Montpellier.

and Marseille districts met in conference at Montpellier and listened to President Widtsoe's counsel for the effective preaching of this great message. Sister Widtsoe instructed the elders concerning the auxiliary organizations, giving some good motherly advice. Sister Maud May Babcock, also a member of the party, gave some delightful readings in dialects. Each elder rendered his testimony of the divinity of the work and of the progress being made.

At Geneve, the headquarters of the French mission, the members gave a large fete directed by the Relief Society of the branch. The following Sunday a special Relief Society meeting was held with Sister Widtsoe. At night President Widtsoe addressed a large audience on the philosophy of "Mormonism," which discourse was well received. Large meetings were also held at Neuchatel and Besancon, cities of this district. At the last named city, President Fred Tadje of the Swiss-German mission was in attendance.

Liege was the scene of a conference for the entire Belgium district, the largest and oldest district in our mission. Special conferences of the Sunday Schools, Relief Societies, and Priesthood quorums were held. Programs featuring the work were given, all of which were very commendable. Much credit is due to the elders of the district and to the Relief Society who presented a pageant depicting the spirit of the Relief Society and its four-phase purpose. President and Sister Widtsoe and President Christensen were the principal speakers at these conferences.

A long to be remembered missionary conference was held with the elders of the Paris and Belgian districts. After

the missionaries had rendered spirited testimonies, President Widtsoe, in a frank, fatherly way, explained the necessity of correct habit formation in missionary life.

Before leaving this part of Belgium the president visited the chapels now being erected at Liege and Seraing. Inspiring meetings were held in Verviers, Bruxelles and Charleroi. While in Charleroi President Widtsoe assisted at a baptismal service at which ten souls were baptized into the Church.

It was with great regret that we bade goodbye to the Widtsoes in Bruxelles. They have indeed accomplished much good in our mission. Many interesting press articles have been published concerning their visit and the subject of "Mormonism" in general. President Widtsoe and his motto, "When you have something to do, do it and get it over with," is sure to live in the memory of the missionaries and members.—*C. L. Rees*, superintendent of auxiliary organizations of the French mission.

Spring Conference in Stockholm, Sweden

Elder Hugo M. Erickson, secretary of the Swedish mission, sends us the following:

Spring conference of the Stockholm district was held in Stockholm, March 29, 30, 31, and April 1, 1929, with an attendance of 1,328 people. The hall was beautifully decorated with

Missionaries of the Stockholm District, Sweden

Sitting, left to right: Mission Secretary Hugo M. Erickson, Mission President Gideon N. Hulterstrom, Sister Signe L. Hulterstrom, and Willes B. Hulterstrom. Standing: Howard I. Childs, Knut A. J. Brandt, Arthur E. Britzell, Sister Anna E. P. Brandt, Kenneth F. Frederickson, Willard A. Erickson, Wilford E. Hokanson, Emil C. Ottensen, Roy W. Oscarson, and John Paul Adamson.

spring flowers, which added their splendor and fragrance, and blended harmoniously with the inspiring spirit which prevailed throughout the conference. The testimonies borne of the divinity of this latter-day work, as well as the instructions given, gave encouragement to Saints and investigators. The missionaries present expressed their joy in the Gospel and manifested a determination to serve the Lord with all their might, mind and strength.

Reports were given by the elders which showed that the work of the Lord is progressing, and that more baptisms would soon be performed. During the conference, a baptismal service was held for one sister who had found the truth.

The choir of 45 voices rendered songs of Zion in a praiseworthy manner, and thereby added to the effectiveness of the occasion. As a special closing feature of the conference, the choir gave a concert on April 1, which was indeed inspiring. The chapel was filled to capacity, and at the close of the concert, the Saints and friends expressed their appreciation of the choir's rendition of the beautiful songs of Zion.

London District Spring Conference

Many people had the opportunity of becoming acquainted for the first time with the principles of "Mormonism" as a result of the London district semi-annual conference held April 14, 1929, at the Kensington Town Hall, Kensington, W. 8. Many thousands of others had the message of the Gospel called to their attention by the hundreds of large posters which were placed in prominent locations on the billboards throughout this most exclusive residential section of London's West End and by the thousands of handbills and tracts that were distributed from door to door the week before the conference took place. The posters and handbills challenged the eyes with the large red letters, "What is Mormonism," and underneath all were invited to hear the truth at the meetings at which President A. William Lund of the British mission would be in attendance.

The feature of all three sessions of conference was the number of investigators and friends present and the widely representative types and interests of London's life. People from the highest level of society and representatives of the commonly called "man of the street" mingled with the Saints in a truly cosmopolitan gathering. Great interest was manifest in the addresses of President Lund and in the principles of the Gospel as enunciated by the missionaries and local brethren and sisters called upon to speak. As a result of the conference the missionaries have received several invitations to the homes of prominent people to explain the Gospel, and greater interest is manifest in the work generally.

The missionaries of the London district have been very fortunate in making a good and true friend in the person of Mr. William Goodair. Mr. Goodair, since becoming acquainted with the missionaries and the principles of the Gospel, has been untiring in his defense of both. His efforts to place in a true light the work of the missionaries and to allay the unfounded prejudice which exists even in the higher levels of London society in which he mingles, is a work that is of great worth to the cause of truth in this metropolis.

The most recent of his long series of good works was the arranging of a dramatic recital which was given by Sister Maud May Babcock, department of speech of the University of Utah. Sister Babcock, stopping in London on the last part of an around-the-world tour, offered her services gratis to be used for any worthy purpose. Mr.

ELDERS OF THE LONDON DISTRICT

Sitting, in front: Howard A. Thorn, Springville; Ferrell N. Beckstead, Preston, Idaho; David H. Huish, Douglas, Ariz. First row: Richard K. Knight, clerk of the London district, Salt Lake City; Clifton G. M. Kerr, secretary and treasurer of the British mission, Tremonton; A. William Lund, president of the British mission; Sister Josephine B. Lund, president of Relief Societies of the British mission, Salt Lake City; John L. Clarke, president of the London district, American Fork; Gwendolyn Lund, daughter of President and Sister Lund. Second row: William T. Mathie, Huntington; William T. Knapton, Salt Lake City; Jessco C. Nixon, Salt Lake City; D. Wayne Thorne, Brigham City; Harold B. Rowell, Murray; Milford A. Piggott, Ogden; James B. Harvey, Kaysville. Back row: Eugene Romney, Jr., Duncan, Ariz.; June E. Bartlett, Price; Myron D. Bitton, Blackfoot, Idaho; William M. Faulds, Salt Lake City; Alton A. Linford, Thayne, Wyoming.

Goodair in conjunction with Mrs. Macdonnell, the founder of the Crusaders of St. George, arranged for the recital which took place at the palatial home of Lady Beecham, 19 Grosvenor Square, the heart of London's Mayfair. Professor Babcock gave a delightful interpretation of Bernard Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra before an audience of 250 which included representatives from the Corp Diplomatique of several countries, the Army, personages of title and practically all aspects of London Society.

During an intermission between the second and third acts, Miss Babcock was presented with two beautiful floral tributes, as well as with a poem composed in her honor by Mr. Bernard Jolivard, which emphasized the value of strengthening the bond of "hands across the sea." At the close of the recital Elder Milford A. Piggot played the "Star Spangled Banner," followed by "God Save the King."

The missionaries of the London district were all in attendance, as was President and Sister Lund of the Brit-

ish mission. The proceeds of the concert went to the building of homes for the disabled officers and men of the great war, which is the work the Crusaders are engaged in.

A few days previous to this Recital, Mr. Goodair gave an "At Home" for Sister Babcock at the Royal Automobile Club, and there many people of distinction and rank had the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Mr. Goodair in speaking of the recital said he felt sure that the example of Miss Babcock in offering her services free for so worthy a British cause could not fail to strengthen the friendship between Great Britain and America. and we as missionaries are sure that this event will prove of great worth to the work in which we are engaged.—*John L. Clark*, president of London district.

Self-Improvement and Self-Criticism

Self-improvement depends on self-criticism. The conceited person who thinks there is no room in himself for improvement never improves because the motive for improvement is lacking.

Most of us sadly need to improve our minds. Our brains are not so clear as they should be, nor so keen. We do not enjoy the best books. We are not advancing in knowledge. We are not learning each year to think to better purpose, to speak more convincingly and helpfully.

The improvement of our minds calls for careful and regular reading and study. It means also the avoiding of taking into our minds gossipy conversation that can do us no good.

And all of us need to improve our spiritual natures. We are not so kind, unselfish, loving, as we should be. Our courage fails, our faith falters, our ideals grow earthy, our ambitions grow mean. We live as if we were to abide on the earth forever, instead of leaving it in a few short years.

The improvement of the soul requires more care than all other improvements. It requires the scriptures and prayer, the church and all its aids, and carefully selected friends and a close companionship with God.—*Frank Herbert Sweet.*

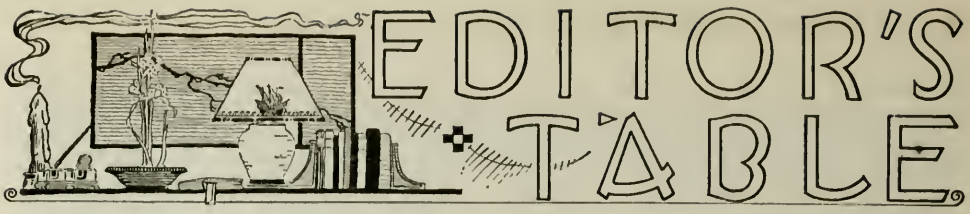
An Evening Prayer

Both of my babies are sleeping,
  My treasures are safe and at rest,
Breathing so softly and sweetly,
  The birds now secure in their nest.

Cuddled down warm in their blankets,
  Heads pillowed on chubby round arms,
Faces serene in their sleeping,
  No worry is theirs, no alarms.

Innocence, purity, sweetness,
  Is given me here to keep rare.
Help me and guide me, dear Father,
  To keep safe these gifts, is my prayer.

Scipio, Utah NONA H. BROWN



The New Improvement Era

Beginning with the November issue, there will be a new *Improvement Era.* The announcement, made at the June conference of the long-considered and now completed plan of combining the *Young Woman's Journal* and the *Improvement Era,* has created much favorable enthusiasm. It is a consummation desired for many years by thousands of people throughout the Church, though the parents of the *Journal* will doubtless experience the same feeling of sadness which comes to all fathers and mothers when a cherished daughter is given in marriage and changes her name.

To a very great extent the work of the M. I. A. is the same for both men and women. Their objective is identical, and the steps leading thereto are at least parallel. Naturally, publishing two magazines has resulted in duplication of effort and a corresponding loss of energy. This in the future will be conserved.

There are before us, while this is being written, original letters bearing on the history of the *Young Woman's Journal.* One is from Dr. Romania B. Penrose, the other from President Joseph F. Smith, both addressed to Sister Susa Young Gates, who at the time was filling a mission with her husband in Hawaii. President Smith's communication acknowledges receipt of a letter from Sister Gates in which she asks for advice as to the advisability of creating a monthly journal to represent the interests of the Y. L. M. I. A. We quote the following from this letter which is dated August 10, 1888:

"I have been a cripple with sciatica for nearly a month and have been off duty away from the brethren, and am not now in a position to consult with them before writing. I think it better anyway for me not to say anything to President Woodruff about it until you write him fully on the whole matter. You are at liberty to say to him that you had mentioned the matter to me and that I had referred you to him and was favorable to an enterprise such as is suggested by Dr. Penrose.

"Another suggestion: Sisters Elmina Taylor, Maria Y. Dougall and Mattie Horne Tingey are the presidents of the Y. L. M. I. A. throughout the Church. I think it would be wise for you to consult freely with them in relation to this matter and enlist them in the cause and together with them mature all the plans necessary for the proper beginning and successful conducting of the enterprise."

The result of this correspondence and subsequent consultation was the *Young Woman's Journal,* which Sister Gates edited and managed until the burdens became too onerous for one person to bear, when she relinquished the management but remained as editor for a number of years.

From the beginning, the magazine has been well edited. An account of its history and activities will appear in a subsequent issue in greater detail than would be possible here.

The present editor, Elsie Talmage Brandley, is a brilliant young woman, and it is a pleasure to note that she will be so closely associated with the new *Era.* She is sure to contribute a great deal to the future success of the magazine.

It would not be proper to omit from this brief review the name of Junius F. Wells, who put his heart and means, almost his life's blood, into the *Contributor,* which was the forerunner of the *Era.* We shall have

more to say of that vigorous and praiseworthy magazine later.

Neither can we forget the outstanding work done by B. H. Roberts, first editor of the *Improvement Era*, nor President Heber J. Grant, its first business manager, and Thomas Hull, his associate. Without the courage and faith of these men, the paper would never have been born, or if born at all would never have survived its infancy.

And in this connection, *Era* readers will think reverently of the late Edward H. Anderson, that patient, industrious and able worker who, first under direction of President Joseph F. Smith and afterwards under President Heber J. Grant, did the real editorial work.—C.

Smile Posts of Satisfaction

By Dr. John A. Widtsoe

Out of the spirit and perspective of the mission field has come a book under the above title. It is a series of messages addressed primarily to missionaries, but of universal truth and, therefore, applicable to every human life. It abounds in noble sentiments and wise counsel, helpful along life's journey, couched in simple and often eloquent language, and reinforced by a wealth of quotation from the thinkers of all ages. It instructs and stimulates. It is good reading.

Mile posts—road markers—we know well enough, every life has them, but smile posts—places of rejoicing—are not so common, more is the pity. The 28 smile posts, each complete within itself and, therefore, easy reading, are: The missionary; let the glory of God be your ideal; idle words; prayer; the Lord's prayer; the light of men; the way, the truth and the life; a new commandment; procrastination is the thief of time; service; feeding the multitude; strive to enter in; wise men; life's morning; the joy of life; judge not; our enemies; temper; be doers; the corn of wheat; doing things; rafts and steamboats; who shall be the greatest; the Beatitudes; what manner of men should ye be; soldiers of the cross; temptation; the gardens of Eden and Gethsemane.

The author of this valuable book is John P. Lillywhite, veteran and successful missionary and mission president, now presiding over the Netherlands mission. In full consonance with the spirit of missionary endeavor, the book, which is beautifully printed and bound, is sold at the cost of production and postage. It is a good book for Latter-day Saints and all others to read.

My Belief

There is no death, nor can there be,
No death, but life eternally;
No sudden ending of your love,
No bitter loss, just bliss above.
Just life beyond in other lands,
Just love as we go hand in hand.
There is no death, nor can there be,
No death, but life eternally.

Genevieve Selander.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

Matters in this department pertaining to the Melchizedek Priesthood are prepared under direction of the Council of the Twelve; those pertaining to the Aaronic Priesthood under direction of the Presiding Bishopric

Melchizedek Priesthood Quorums

Suggestive Items for Reports

Fourth Month

Committee on Class Instruction

The attendance at the Sunday Gospel Doctrine class has continued the same as during the past month. All the brethren except four are now in regular attendance.

Elder ..... of this quorum has been appointed as class instructor. We all realize his peculiar fitness for this position.

With the approval of the presidency of the quorum our librarian has subscribed for several current magazines which add to our library. However, we take this opportunity to suggest that it is well for each member of the quorum to build up a good reference library at home. Each home should have the standard works of the Church and as many other books on Gospel subjects as they are able to obtain. Other works on scientific, literary, and all other useful subjects should be secured as the means of the brethren will warrant.

We have purchased a very excellent atlas and a general history of the world. The Lord has said:

"And I give unto you a commandment that ye shall continue in prayer and fasting from this time forth.

"And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrines of the kingdom." Doc. and Cov. 88:76-79.

Elder ..... is appointed to speak to us tonight, his subject being: "The Pearl of Great Price, What it is and How it was Obtained."

Committee on Church Service

Methods in Stake or Ward Missionary Work.

The committee may outline plans to be followed in carrying forward missionary work among non-members of the Church resident within the stake or ward. The following is merely suggestive:

I. Preparation for missionary service.
   A. Cultivation of the missionary spirit.
      1. By love of fellow-men.
      2. By humility and prayer.
   B. Preparation of the message.
      1. Acquisition of the fundamental principles of the Church.
         a. By study.
         b. By experience.
      2. Practice in expressing fundamental principles within the quorum or group, and as occasion presents opportunity, in Sunday School classes and public meetings.
      3. Assembling of convincing reasons and illustrations to re-enforce exposition of Gospel doctrine.
      4. Assembling of literature and material for study and also for presentation to persons visited.
   C. Investigation and study of atti-

tude and environment of persons to be visited, where such course is feasible. Knowing the person as well as possible before presenting the message.

The foregoing topics may be assigned, with the approval of the quorum president or the presiding officer of the group, to committee or quorum members for presentation and discussion. At least one meeting may well be devoted to a report of the committee on this subject. After careful consideration of it, the committee may recommend that the entire group, or certain members of it, tender their service to the bishop or to the president of the stake or to such organized body as may be charged with the responsibility of carrying on missionary work among non-members in the district.

Committee on Miscellaneous Activity

The committee could bring recommendations on some out-door activity for members of the quorum, during the month of May: such as a baseball game between members of the elders' quorum of the ward and members of the seventies. This might be followed with a horse-shoe pitching contest between members of the high priests' quorum. They are to choose up sides for this game.

In the evening all members of the Melchizedek Priesthood quorums with their wives and companions might meet on the lawn of a member where a lawn social could be held, including games, and a program. Light refreshments could be served.

Committee on Personal Welfare

Recommend as an intellectual activity the reading of *The Strength of Being Clean*, by David Starr Jordan, or some other valuable and appropriate pamphlet. All who have copies may lend them to others who have not, or one may be appointed to present the important items to the quorum or group at a regular meeting.

A Real Investment

[This talk on tithing was given by a priest of the Garvanza ward, Hollywood stake, at the sacramental meeting on May 12, 1929. This boy prepared his subject himself, and is not a college boy. He is assisting in the support of his widowed mother.]

If one of your friends came to you and told how you could invest your money so that it would be absolutely sure of bringing a big dividend and your holdings were increasing all the time, would you take it?

I can tell you of an investment which nets us an income daily, and if you are of an open mind, and will look for these daily returns, you can easily recognize them at the close of each day. God has promised us that the windows of heaven shall be opened, and we will not be able to contain all the gifts he has to bestow, if we make this investment, which is termed in our Church. "Tithing."

We have innumerable testimonies of people who have tried this out and who testify they have been paid back a hundred fold.

Only ten per cent of our income is required to bring us this assured dividend. We look at a little dime, but that little dime represents all that is asked of us out of that great, big dollar. Can't we do it? Of course we can.

No joy comes to our hearts like the giving of that tenth, for we know that it is written in the record of heaven and God will be, and always is, ready with his rewards.

We, as members of Garvanza ward, or I might say Hollywood stake, have

just recently been recipients of a big dividend from our tithes, seeing our beautiful stake house completed. Our tithes have come back to us doubly. We think of it standing there, a mute testimony and evidence of the great effort and sacrifice of a people who have appreciated the goodness of the Lord.

If we want to know further where our tithes and offerings are expended, we have only to read the opening address of President Heber J. Grant at the last semi-annual conference, in a powerful address to the Saints there gathered. He praises the Saints for their efforts, promising them that their storehouses shall be filled, and the blessings of the Lord will come to them in unexpected ways.

We are proud of our Garvanza ward, as it stands second to none in the payment of tithing. Let us keep up the good work and support the best of ward leaders, our Bishop Hoglund, thereby relieving him of any anxiety that might attend the non-payment of our tithes.

This morning I heard a mother say to her son, "The most wonderful gift you can give to me is to make me proud of you." The best way to make our mothers proud of us is to pay our tithing, thereby receiving the Lord's blessings and guidance in making ourselves successful.

Field Notes

Aaronic Priesthood Centenary Celebration

The accompanying description of the preparation made for the one hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood in the Garvanza ward, of the Hollywood stake, is so excellent and interesting that it is presented here for the information of all connected with the work of the Aaronic Priesthood. Bishop Albin Hoglund writes as follows: The program for the Aaronic Priesthood celebration as outlined by the Presiding Bishop's Office was carried out so successfully in the Garvanza ward that I thought you might be interested in the way it was planned and carried out.

We hold a monthly meeting in which the affairs of the ward are discussed with the auxiliary organization heads and the Priesthood officers. We find that a meeting of this kind tends to promote harmony in the organizations. We realize how much we need each other; how necessary it is that we cooperate in carrying on the work of the Lord. At this meeting the Aaronic Priesthood program was submitted to the workers and each officer was given the responsibility of assisting a boy in the preparation of his subject, and was also expected to see that the boy was able to deliver his talk intelligently. We selected boys and young men to deliver these talks who had no previous experience, as we wish to develop our boys who are backward and retiring as well as those who push themselves forward. All the boys did exceptionally well. It was an inspiration to those who were in attendance. A former mission president and an ex-stake president were among those present. Both said it was the finest thing they had witnessed anywhere.

The pageant and program as outlined for Tuesday evening was carried out Wednesday, May 15, which was just one hundred years from the day that the Priesthood was restored. Elder James E. Talmage of the Council of the Twelve was present and expressed himself as being well pleased with the program. We followed your outline and feel that all credit should go to those who prepared it. It was fine.

We also took advantage of this opportunity to ordain all eligible boys to the office of deacon, teacher or priest I believe the memory of the occasion will remain with them always.

Celebration—German-Austrian Mission

A grand celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood was held by the German-Austrian mission in Leipsic, Germany, on the 17th, 18th and 19th of May. It consisted of an elaborate program covering the three days, with a pageant and other important features, and was attended by a large gathering of people, including many of the missionaries in that mission. President Valentine reports that the results were very satisfactory. He writes further as follows:

"Many thanks for your suggestive outline of activity for the Aaronic Priesthood in the wards and stakes of Zion as well as in the mission fields. I am happy to say that throughout the German-Austrian mission we hold a weekly Priesthood meeting and I do not know how we could get along with our work if this meeting were to be suspended.

"It is held conjointly with the Relief Society for opening exercises and then separation for department work. This is a well tried-out plan, having been in operation now for nearly two and one-half years. We are also using the suggestive lesson plan of part-time for consideration of the work to be done by the Priesthood and the other portion to give consideration to the theory or doctrinal lessons."

Faith Without Works is Dead

"O ye of little faith, why stand in doubt,
Can you not see that love's the cause
Of every act, that nothing moves without?
That every truth is based on laws:
Without a cause the world would cease to move,
The sun and moon would never shine,
Life were not worth the living without love,
Death (without hope and faith) were yours and mine.
There is no limit to the strength and power
Of faith and hope (love's willing slaves).
We but exist unless dear love is ours,
This principle of life is all that saves.
"All things are possible if we believe;"
Doubting, we fail ere we begin;
Why entertain a doubt—ourselves deceive,
We must believe if we would win.
"And now abide faith, hope and love, these three,"
And an eternal life ahead;
Without these attributes we are not free—
To the extent we lack, are dead—
Increase your faith, hope, love, while it is day,
While it is day, walk in the light,
All these material things will fade away,
The day's far spent, soon comes the night.
Membership in churches cannot save us,
Too often they provide excuse to shirk,
Mere faith alone can but deprave us,
"But if ye love me, ye will do my work."

M. M. Johnson.

MUTUAL WORK

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

The June Conference

Enlivened by an interesting wedding, the June conference, held on the 7th, 8th and 9th, has passed into history.

M. I. A. workers from all parts of the Church were in attendance. They formed a group of alert and forward-looking people, intent upon receiving suggestions which would better qualify them for their important work.

General Superintendent George Albert Smith opened the conference, extended a welcome to the hundreds who were present and through them sent greetings to the hundred thousand members of the organization. He explained the mission of the M. I. A., as it has been defined by the leaders of the Church, and which has been clearly set forth in the words, "The wholesome use of leisure time." The speaker showed that our ideals are largely formed and to a great extent lived up to or abandoned during leisure hours. He concluded his brief remarks with a strong appeal for righteousness.

President Ruth May Fox expressed her love for the M. I. A. work, her deep appreciation of the hospitality of the people in the wards and stakes, and expressed the thought that there are no sacrifices to be made in the Church; they are all privileges. Sister Fox paid a splendid tribute to Sister Tingey, recently released, as did many other speakers during the conference.

Sister Martha H. Tingey was moved to tears as the great congregation spontaneously arose with her when she stood up to speak. It was a significant tribute of love to a faithful worker.

President Heber J. Grant likewise was paid a tribute when the congregation arose to show him honor. He spoke of the love he has always felt for the M. I. A. work and the joy of his heart when witnessing the growth which has come to members of the organization. During the World War, he said, a death occurred among the soldiers being trained in the Northwest. No chaplain was available, and the commanding officer asked if there were any "Mormons" present who had been on missions. Seven men stepped out of the line, any one of whom was capable of conducting the services in a creditable manner. That is characteristic of our young men.

The subjects taken up during the conference were treated by men and women who have specialized on the subject they were discussing. The singing was inspirational. No father could hear the Boy Scouts of Granite stake sing "Dear Old Dad" without feeling a determination to be a better pal to his boy and a kinder father and husband than he had ever been before. This chorus was led by Sister Lucy Freebairn and was worthy of special mention, as, indeed, all items on the program were.

The testimony meeting held in the Assembly Hall Sunday morning was a foretaste of heaven and will not soon be forgotten by those who were present.

The contests drew forth keen competition and were of such quality that the judges were confronted with an extremely difficult task in selecting the winners. To gain second place, therefore, was a distinct honor. The final results were as follows:

Orchestra: Union ward, East Jor-

dan stake, first; Fillmore First ward, Millard stake, second.

Mixed Double Quartet: Sugar House ward, Granite stake, first; Garland ward, Bear River stake, second.

Gleaner Girls' Speaking contest: Muriel Christensen, Spanish Fork Fourth ward, Palmyra stake, first, with the subject "The mansions of our soul;" Elthea Snowball, Randolph ward, Woodruff stake, second, her subject being "Moulding our lives."

M Men Speaking contest: Melvin Hyde Ridges, Eleventh ward, Ensign stake, first, with "Dishonest America" as his subject; Charles McKell, Fourth ward, Palmyra stake, second, with the subject, "An international mind in the interest of international good will."

Ladies' Double Trio: Fourth ward, Provo, Utah stake, first; Willard ward, Box Elder stake, second.

Male Quartet: Milton ward, Morgan stake, first; Capitol Hill ward, Salt Lake stake, second.

Dance: Third ward, Brigham City, Box Elder stake, first; Third ward, Idaho Falls, Idaho Falls stake, second.

Drama: Second ward, Idaho Falls stake, first; Third ward, Pleasant Grove, Timpanogos stake, second.

Play-writing contest: Mrs. Morgan McKay, Panguitch, first; Miss Della Morrell, Logan, second.

Essay-writing contest: Y. L. M. I. A.—Elda Searle, representing Taylor stake, first; Marie Thorne, Box Elder stake, second.

Y. M. M. I. A.—Marvin Aslett, representing Portneuf stake, first; Kenneth Rosenlof, Los Angeles stake, second.

Some of the addresses which were made and the detailed instructions given will be presented in a subsequent issue, in order that they may be fresh in the minds of M. I. A. workers as they are about to commence their season's activities.

Sunday Evening Conjoint Program

The joint committee to whom the duty of preparing these programs has been assigned suggests that the young men furnish the numbers in the August meeting and the young ladies in September.

Ten-minute talk on some phase of the book, *Moral Teachings of the New Testament*, or a ten-minute review of one of the characters in *Captains of Industry*, by a male member of the Adult Department.

M Men's Aims and Activities

An M Man is a four-square fellow; that is, he is balanced

(a) Spiritually.
(b) Intellectually.
(c) Socially.
(d) Physically.

Two ten-minute talks should be given on the following subjects:

I. On the Aim of M Men Spiritually and Intellectually.
   1. Spiritually.
      (a) An appreciation of things spiritual.
      (b) The beauty that comes to life through clean thinking.
      (c) Development of a testimony preparatory for a mission.
   2. Intellectuality.
      (a) Joseph Smith said, "The Glory of God is Intelligence."
      (b) Importance of an education.
      (c) The satisfaction which comes into one's life through an acquaintance with the lives of great men and a familiarity with the books of great minds.

II. On the Aim of M Men Socially and Physically.
   1. The M Men socially.
      (a) In athletics. (See paragraph on page 263 of the

Hand Book entitled "Character First.")

(b) Music and literature. (Drama, music, public speaking, debating.)

(c) Socially. M Men's banquets, hikes, picnic parties, cooperation of fathers and sons' outings. (See page 255 of the *Hand Book*.)

Vanguard Department

A group of six boys will represent the Vanguard Department. This group will stand before the congregation.

(a) Boy No. 1 will repeat the Vanguard Slogan:

"Friendship is Golden."

A Vanguard never reaches his final goal; he seeks new fields to conquer, and his ambition to attain new heights will not admit defeat. He is consistent in his efforts to qualify for real service; he is "Always Ready."

(b) Boy No. 2 will read the meaning of the word "Vanguard" as given on page 284 of the *Hand Book*.

(c) Boy No. 3 will read the "Purpose of the Vanguards" as given on pages 284 and 285 of the *Hand Book*.

(d) Boy No. 4 will read the "Watch Word" as given on page 285 of the *Hand Book*.

(e) Boy No. 5 will give the meaning of the "Insignia" as given on page 285 of the *Hand Book*.

(f) Boy No. 6 will read the paragraph on "Traditions" as given on page 286 of the *Hand Book*.

Male Quartette: Contest or Similar Number.

Junior Department

1. A Scout will repeat the following Scout prayer:

"Help me, dear Lord, to be a scout
who loves the open air;
When I go to the home of bird or
beast, may I find contentment
there.
Help me to find the trail of life and to
follow it straight and true;
When the day is done, may the sinking sun, remind me, dear Lord, of
you.
And when the campfire's glow is
gone, and the stars are shining
bright,
May thy heavenly love, from up
above, protect me through the
night."

2. Patrol of eight boys will then stand and repeat the Scout promise.

3. Twelve Scouts will then stand, each one repeating a Scout law and what it means, as given in the Scout handbook.

4. The Scouts will then carry through the flag ceremony.

Mutual Hour on the Radio

Reports from various parts of the Church indicate that the Sunday afternoon Mutual Hour over K S L is an effective contribution to the M. I. A. program of summer work. The suggestion made in the *Era* for June that groups be formed in homes for the radio programs has been followed to some extent, according to reports, but not as generally as was expected.

The suggestion is renewed that ward officers and group leaders take the initiative in planning to have as many M. I. A. members as possible take advantage of these excellent educational features. A rare opportunity is offered to gain valuable information and suggestions.

The series of spoken-word and musical presentations will continue each Sunday afternoon from 4 to 5, standard mountain time, until July 14, when a new series will begin, covering the following thirteen weeks. The programs will continue to reflect M. I. A. objectives but will be along entirely different lines. A special radio committee is now completing plans for the new presentations which will be developed around a central theme. The

theme will be presented in word and music and promises to be of unusual interest.

Mutual Radio Hour offers an opportunity to make weekly contacts with at least a part of the members of the organization and can be made to assist in preserving the organization spirit during the summer months.

M MEN DEPARTMENT

Canadian M Men Basketball Champions

President N. L. Mitchell, of the Raymond First ward Y. M. M. I. A., in the Taylor stake, reports as follows:

"Here is a picture of our basketball boys, champions of the three Canadian stakes. These young chaps are all regular attendants at our M. I. A. meetings, and not one of them smokes or disregards the Word of Wisdom in any other way. Two of them are not members of the Church, but are drawn to us by the opportunities which this organization offers in athletics, public speaking and the study of literature.

Canadian M Men Basketball Champions

Front row, left to right: A. Hague, B. Card, W. Van Orman, B. Nalder, R. Woolley. Back row: N. L. Mitchell, president Y. M. M. I. A. Raymond First ward; G. Kirkham, captain; R. S. O'Brien, coach; K. Hague; W. J. Van Orman, manager.

"I am deeply interested in these activities. They are keeping our young boys off the streets and are giving them a proper sense of direction in which they should travel. The development which has come to one boy alone would richly repay me for all the time I have spent in M. I. A. work.

"A short time ago I heard a prominent business man of our community, a non-member of the Church, say at a public gathering: 'I am a college graduate, but I would give all I possess if I were able to express my thoughts in public as your young men do who have been trained in the organizations of the Church.' "

VANGUARDS AND SCOUTS DEPARTMENT

In the Land of the Elk

Dr. A. I. Jensen, Bishop J. H. Jensen and W. L. Killpack

Three members of the Driggs, Idaho, Scout Troop. Note the elk in the background.

H. S. Alvord, Scout Executive Teton Peaks Council Boy Scouts of America, gives the following account of a trip into the Jackson's Hole country during the early part of April of this year:

"If you want a real trip through a real country with real men, go to Driggs and get some of those old scouts to go out with you into the mountains. Those fellows carry their own packs, and they are all ready for the longest trails.

"It has been a long time since I have been anywhere on a jaunt that 'filled the bill' as did the one we took this week out of Driggs into the Jackson's Hole country.

"We left Driggs Saturday morning with W. L. Killpack, 'Pa' Hill, Henry Jensen, Dr. A. I. Jensen and Bud Rigby. We had four bobsleds, and there were 16 boys, including the band, in

the outfit. Across Teton pass at this time of year, and through a snowstorm, is an experience all by itself.

"We stopped for lunch at Burchard's place, and then we took the trail for the 8000-foot top of the pass. The snowstorm became a blizzard as we climbed the mountain, but the boys took their share of the storm without a murmur. We got to Wilson about 4 o'clock, and went at once to fishing. The boys were all for seeing the 3,000 head of elk that are being wintered in Jackson's Hole, and as they are fed almost in the town of Jackson, it was easy to get acquainted with the herd. The elk are in fine shape.

"In all the fishing that was done we caught nothing but big fish, and not very many of them. It was too cold. Later in the season it would be fine to go there. The trip across that pass

SCOUT BAND MEMBERS

All Scouts and leaders are from Driggs, Idaho, with the exception of H. S. Alvord, Scout Executive of Teton Peaks Council Boy Scouts of America.

The luck was poor. There had been a 'turn-in' of water from the lake, and the fish were not ready to take the air. We caught only half a dozen. They would weight about 15 or 16 pounds, so you will see there were no minnows among them.

"The boys gave a small-sized concert while we were there, and promised to return Monday and give a real show. Incidentally, they did when the time came, and there was a good turn-out from the country 'round.

"Scout demonstrations were given at Jackson, and were backed by the American Legion, which is actively interested in scouting at that place. on our return was another fine few hours.

"We hope that the Jackson's Hole Scouts will come into the Teton Peaks council as soon as they are ready for affiliation. That part of the country is the birthplace of so much that is fine and clean and open, it seems natural that scouting should flourish there. We are glad to know that kind of people, and glad many times over to be welcomed by them.

"One unusual sight encountered was met on the return trip over the pass when we met two new Ford cars being taken to Jackson's Hole on bobsleds."

Church Events

Arrangements have been completed whereby the *Young Woman's Journal* and the *Improvement Era* are to be combined. The announcement made at the June conference of this change, has aroused greater interest than anything else which has occurred in M. I. A. circles for many years. Indeed, it is one of the important happenings of the entire Church. This combination goes into effect with the November number. It will result in a considerable saving to the membership of the Church, and at the same time our workers will receive, as heretofore, all necessary information concerning their duties in the Priesthood and in the Mutual organizations. Financial gain is not the sole advantage of the amalgamation. There will be added ability which can not result otherwise than in an improved magazine. Never before in the history of Church periodicals have so many talented men and women signified their willingness to contribute articles. Literary gems of the first water will appear. Subscriptions, to either magazine, which run beyond October will receive the enlarged *Era* for the unexpired period. All who subscribe for the new magazine before October 10 will become charter subscribers and will receive a charter subscription certificate. As the November issue is to be a special one and will be in great demand, our readers are urged to send in their subscriptions early, otherwise they may be too late to receive the first number.

* * *

Sunday, May 26, an event of unusual interest took place at Scott's Bluff, Nebraska. It was the unveiling of a marker which had been placed on the grave of Rebecca Winters, who died while crossing the plains. Sister Winters was the grandmother of Augusta Winters Grant, wife of President Heber J. Grant. Through the courtesy of H. J. Plumhof, general manager of the Oregon Short Line Railroad Co., Pres. Grant and his party enjoyed the pleasure of making the trip to Gering, Nebraska, and return in Mr. Plumhof's private car. Those making the trip, besides Pres. Grant and his wife, were Delia I. Booth, Edith Grant Young and Joseph Anderson, Pres. Grant's secretary. All members of the Church at Scott's Bluff and also the missionaries laboring in that vicinity were guests at the banquet which was given on the evening prior to the unveiling of the marker. Mrs. Grace Anspoker, cousin of Pres. Grant, drove two hundred miles to attend the ceremonies. Sunday, the 26, ten cars, furnished free by the Burlington Route, carried the crowd who wished to attend the services at the grave. The story of this pioneer martyr is a beautiful and touching one. It will appear in detail, from the pen of Sister Augusta Winters Grant, in an early number of the *Era*.

* * *

Dr. Franklin S. Harris, president of the Brigham Young University, will sail from New York, on June 22, for Europe, in company with five other scientists. The purpose of their visit is to undertake the planning of a new "Promised Land" for the Jews. To Pres. Harris has come the honor of acting as chairman of this commission, which will work under the direction of the Russian government and the Icor, an organization of Jews in this country which is assisting in this project for the betterment of their people now living in Russia. Dr. Harris has promised to furnish articles to the *Era* on important matters which come under his observation.

Primary-Religion Class Consolidation—The letter of the First Presidency that follows will be read with interest—and we surmise with satisfaction—throughout the Church. The union of Primary and Religion Class was effected, it will be seen, in order to insure unity of effort on the part of all concerned and provide opportunity for an effective week-day program in religious class work and training for all our school children from kindergarten to the senior high school. It is believed the name "Junior Seminary" will appeal to junior high school students and that this institution will satisfactorily fill the "tragic gap"—the ninth grade—in the week-day religious program of the Church. This is the letter:

May 29, 1929

To Presidencies of Stakes.
Dear Brethren:

Please be advised that we have approved the recommendations of the General Church Board of Education that the Primary and Religion Classes of the Church for the children of the elementary grades of the public schools, kindergarten to the sixth grade, inclusive, shall be consolidated and the work be carried on under the auspices of the Primary Association which, it has been decided, shall hereafter be known as the Primary-Religion Class of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This organization is given the responsibility of conducting week-day classes in religion for the children of these elementary grades, in general about ages five to twelve, inclusive.

Further, the General Church Board of Education, through the Department of Education, is given the responsibility of conducting week-day religion class work for the children of the Church beginning with the seventh grade of our public schools, in general about ages twelve and up. These classes, it has been decided, shall be known as junior seminary classes.

Again, until otherwise determined, the Primary-Religion Class organization shall have jurisdiction of the Seagull Girls, ages twelve to fourteen, for leisure-time activities, other than theological studies. In other words, these girls are assigned to the junior seminaries for week-day religion class work.

The purpose of these approved recommendations is to insure harmony and cooperation in providing week-day religious instruction for all our children by making only one organization at a time responsible for week-day religion class work. It is hoped that you and all others concerned will heartily support the plan and aid in carrying it out. All reasonable efforts should be made to have all children of the Church attend, where feasible, a week-day, as well as a Sunday, class to receive religious instructions.

Further information regarding the details of this suggested change may be had by applying to Joseph F. Merrill, Commissioner of Education, or Sister May Anderson, President of the Primary Association.

Sincerely Your Brethren,
Heber J. Grant,
A. W. Ivins,
C. W. Nibley,
First Presidency.

* * *

Among the number of aged and faithful Church members who have died during recent weeks was Mrs. Mary Wilcox, one of the early converts to "Mormonism." She was in her 98th year, having been born in Whitbay, Upper Canada, June 6, 1831, and died in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, May 16, 1929. The Gospel was brought to her by Parley P. Pratt, and she and other members of the family readily accepted it, and afterwards moved to Missouri where they shared in the persecution which was heaped upon the Saints. She drove a yoke of cattle from Winter Quarters to Salt Lake valley, arriving here September 29, 1847, in Elder John Taylor's company. On one occasion President Taylor said to her: "Sister Mary, it isn't within the lids of any history where another girl your age has taken as active a part as you have on this journey. You shall live as long as life is desirable, and you shall become the mother of a great posterity." She was later married to John Henry Wilcox, and eleven children were born to them. It was a source of pride with her that she had a posterity of more than 500. Sister Wilcox was a witness to the cricket invasion, and participated in the dangers of Indian uprisings, endured poverty and privation, assisted her father in getting logs from the canyon for their first cabin and made the adobes for the chimney.

* * *

David Cazier, for nearly three-quarters of a century a resident of

Nephi, Utah, died on the 19th of May, at the age of 95. He fought in the Walker and Black Hawk Indian wars and participated in the Echo Canyon campaign, filled missions at home and abroad and was one of the stalwarts of his community.

* * *

Another of the early settlers to pass on was George Hand, who died at Sandy, Utah, May 27, at the age of eighty years. He participated in the ceremonies at Promontory point when the two railroads which joined the East and West were connected. Brother Hand was an active worker in the Church.

* * *

Erastus Perry Bingham, eighty-three years old, and a pioneer of Weber County, died in Ogden, June 4. His life, like that of all other pioneers, was an eventful one, full of what now appears to be romance and drama, but which at the time were colorless hardships. He leaves a large posterity of children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

* * *

Mrs. Elizabeth Robert Owens, the oldest resident of Franklin county, Idaho, died June 3, at the age of 94 years. Coming from Wales, where she and her family joined the Church, she crossed the plains in Col. Seth M. Blair's company. Cholera broke out in this company when it was well on its way and many of the travelers died. She, too, leaves a large posterity of grandchildren, great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild.

* * *

Soren Peter Sorenson, died May 26 in his 89th year. He was one of the early settlers of Sanpete County, was an Indian fighter, a scout, an express rider and served the people especially in their amusements, being an expert dancer. Even at his advanced age, during the past winter, he entertained the people with his fancy step-dancing.

Temples

For man to build a temple made with hands,
The noblest tree that in the forest stands
Must fall before the woodman's axe and saw;
Destroying forms, to build anew, is Cosmic Law.

Man's body is his temple, built by thought,
For every virile thought must leave its trace;
Some day each soul shall ask, What hast thou wrought?
Can we this urgent question, fearless, face?

But "On the Heights" a nobler Temple stands,
Not built by mortal thought or human hands;
In which no sound of axe or tool was heard—
'Twas spoken into Being by the Word.

With these two temples blended into one,
Attained is evolution's goal—the Real;
God's work and man's on this earth being done,
With other stars, God sets on this His seal.

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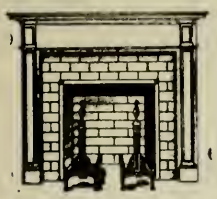

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A cow, it is estimated, moves her jaws 41,000 times each day. It might be added that the cow has something to show for it at the end of the day.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

* * * *

Young Husband—"I did not marry you for your money, you know, rather in spite of it. Money does not make happiness, in fact, the less money, the more happiness."

Young Wife—"Then, darling, we shall be wonderfully happy —Daddy went bankrupt yesterday."—*Passing Show, London.*

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The Deseret News Press

29 Richards Street **Salt Lake City**

Teacher—"What do they call the instrument the French use for beheading people?"

Bobby—"The Gillette, I think."—*Life.*

* * * *

"Was Maude in a bright red frock at the dance?"

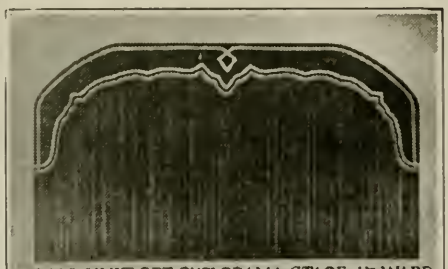
"Some of her was; some of her."—*Tit-Bits.*

* * * *

Prosperity is like parking space. There is always plenty of it for the fellow that gets there first.—*San Diego Union.*

* * * *

The up-and-coming young man is pretty likely to succeed, unless he is up at four and just coming home.—*American Lumberman.*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—*Boston Herald.*

* * * *

A happy marriage is one in which the husband makes an allowance for the wife, and the wife makes allowances for the husband.

—*Virginian-Pilot.*

* * * *

Scientists went clear to Manila, Philippine Islands, to see a total eclipse, when all they needed to do was to watch the groom at a wedding!—*American Lumberman.*

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